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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week ...	3	Shorter Reviews ...	13
From Victor Hugo ...	4	Fiction ...	15
England does not love Coalitions ...	4	New Editions ...	16
Poetry and the Public ...	5	Music ...	16
A Genial Gossip ...	6	Pilgrims and Pilgrimage ...	18
Reviews :		Foreign Reviews ...	19
A Seventeenth Century Mystic ...	8	Some Indian Reviews ...	21
Various Studies ...	9	At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	22
Anatole France at his Best	10	The Theatre :	
The Springs of English Drama ...	10	The Irish Players ...	24
A l'Américaine ...	11	Notes and News ...	25
A New Philosophy of Judaism ...	12	Imperial and Foreign Affairs ...	26
A Great Property ...	13	Motoring and Aviation ...	27
		In the Temple of Mammon ...	28
		Correspondence ...	29
		Books Received ...	31

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Notes of the Week

We publish this week two excellent letters—one by a Radical and one by a Tory—on the Anglo-German position. We do not, of course, accept responsibility for every phrase or sentiment expressed in either, but—in essentials—they confirm the editorial view expressed in our issue of April 27 last, in which we advocated the cessation of the senseless antagonism—based on no vital considerations—which has long prevailed between Germany and Great Britain. We protested then—as we protest now—against the eternal theory of the necessity of bribes. We heartily acquiesced in the position maintained in an able article in the *Contemporary Review*:—"Assuming that good-will and good-faith exist on both sides, a permanent accord could be struck up with ease and promptitude." There is no real quarrel, no fundamental cause of hostility, but there are clouds of prejudice and misunderstanding to be dispersed. Will the great German diplomatist who is now with us succeed in completing a task which we believe is already far advanced towards a solution?

Away on the coast of Cornwall, Poldhu, a little spot unheard of by Londoners before the era of wireless telegraphy, has recently been the scene of a notable gathering. For a short time the most important countries of the world "rang up" Poldhu and expressed good wishes to the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention there assembled; Canada, Spain, Italy, New York, all sent their messages through the air to this tiny corner of the West Country, and as Mr. Marconi himself was present to explain matters to the visitors the occasion was one of exceptional interest. We are becoming so accustomed to wonders that these applications of science and discovery to ordinary life cease to surprise us; but it was not so very long ago that the telephone came into general use. And, by the way, it will not be so very long before the telephone becomes an antiquity, if the "right number" continues to evade our wistful call in its present aggravating manner. Soon it will be easier and quicker to send a wireless message to the other side of London than to "ring up" our friends with the instrument of perversity which adorns our walls and desks and devastates our tempers.

Let us not take too seriously Lord Rosebery's sweeping indictment of those two irrepressible friends of our earlier days, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen, as "the vilest specimens of the human race." In spite of his assertion, we venture to say that very few people "grew to manhood under the impression that medical students were composed" exclusively of Sawyers and Allens; and although he expressed his disbelief that they ever existed, they existed for us in the pages of "Pickwick," and surely that is enough. In his zeal for the noblest secular profession in the world, a profession that fights death continually yet without hope of conquering in the long run, Lord Rosebery grieves us by trimming his sails to a side-wind of fancy. Probably Dickens never meant for a moment that the lively Bob and the mournfully sentimental Ben should be taken as representatives of the doctors of those days; as for us, we may be content to accept them gratefully for the sake of the laughter they have caused. There are moods when "Pickwick" is more welcome than any other book, and then "Sawyer, late Nockemorff," is part of the fun.

We should like to compliment Messrs. Charles Knight and Co. on the production of their handy Insurance Cabinet, which is cheap at the price of one shilling. The case can stand comfortably on a desk. It is divided into compartments for contributors' cards, etc. The same firm have sent us their householders' help to the National Insurance Act, 1911, which is extracted from their excellent "Everybody's Guide." Personally we think that only heaven can help people immersed in this gruesome mess called legislation, but we do not blame Messrs. Knight for endeavouring to scale the supernal heights.

From Victor Hugo

"Oh ! quand je dors. . . ."

OH! While I sleep come near my resting-place
As Laura came to Petrarch's dreams erewhile,
And let thy breath in passing touch my face,
Then all at once my lips
Shall half unclose and smile.

Over my brow, where darkly brooding lies
Some long-drawn gloomy vision of the night,
Let but thy look, like some clear planet, rise,
And all at once my dream
Shall turn to something bright.

Last on my lips, where trembles the new bliss,
The fire electric, pure from Heaven above;
Angel no more, but woman! lay one kiss
And all at once my soul
Shall waken up to love.

[1888. Translated by the late Canon Ellerton. As far as is known, hitherto unprinted, and published in THE ACADEMY by special permission.]

England does not love Coalitions

IN 1852 Mr. Disraeli enunciated the proposition that England does not love coalitions. During the half century since the words were uttered, coalitions have been infrequent. The most honourable and the most memorable has been that to prevent the grant of Home Rule to Ireland as a concession to dynamite. The days of 1886—never to be forgotten by those who were closely concerned in them—must ever be a record of the dauntless courage and inflexible resolve of those members of the Liberal Party who faced probable assassination and certain obloquy from those with whom their ties were of the closest, rather than betray the trust which their country reposed in them. The great meeting at the Opera House, when Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, Lord Cowper, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Plunket, and Mr. Rylands—Radical or Radicals—met on the same platform to denounce the craven surrender to outrage can never fade from the memory of those who were privileged to be present at it. That Coalition has, after an endurance of twenty-five years, eventuated in amalgamation with a no less worthy object than that which initiated the original partnership.

The country is again in danger. A coalition of a totally different character threatens, and has in one instance shattered the bulwarks of stable government and the fundaments of national prosperity. It is a pitiful

and a sordid spectacle, viewed at a time when the orator of Empire is exclaiming:—

It is not only the Empire, but it is the world itself which has need of all the character, all the honesty, and all the ability which it contains, developed or undeveloped, to carry it on without the danger of anarchy and chaos.

All the character! All the honesty! *O, tempora! O, mores!* A Coalition Government has for six years been flouting the will of the people, overturning the Constitution of the realm, truckling to violence, and pandering to the meanest passions of the flotsam and jetsam of the population. The Unholiest of Unholy Alliances—the vital interests of the nation have been put up to auction first to the Irish ally, and next to the tyrants who hold honest labour in thraldom.

Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquities.

That, alas! is what they not only taste, but what they habitually batten on.

At last a rift is apparent. The ignoble compact, like other monstrous creations, had not the element of permanence in it. There is no finality to blackmail.

The Liberal Party are now warned off the course at Hanley and Crewe. Hanley is claimed as a Labour seat, a somewhat cool contention when it is borne in mind that Mr. Enoch Edwards was defeated in a straight fight by a Conservative as recently as 1906. Crewe never has been a Labour seat, and the claim to it is fantastic. The degradation of the Government is absolute. The Irish members, having little enthusiasm for the Home Rule scheme, and little belief in the will or the power of the Government to ensure its passage into law, are very unreliable attendants in the House of Commons; they have only one bribe to claim, and they see pretty clearly that they have been cajoled. The Socialist Labour man is insatiable. He "wants it all," and judging of the fibre which the Government have displayed he has little doubt that he can obtain his demands if he threatens sufficiently loudly.

Crewe and Hanley. It is a brutally brazen demand, but it is eloquent of the estimation in which the Government is held by its camp-followers.

We have no desire to immerse ourselves in the morass of political chicanery, but we should like to ask the people of this country whether they still cherish the illusion that they are being governed under a representative system. We can see nothing but the tables of the money-changers, and the methods of the huckster.

In the name of decency will the Government at last make a stand, and refuse to sacrifice the Paschal lamb of reputation to rapacious mercenaries?

We think not. We think they will pass beneath the yoke, and retain their offices and their salaries.

CECIL COWPER.

Poetry and the Public

IT would be interesting to know what the leading lights of the intellectual world would reply to the following two questions: (1) Why has poetry steadily lost prestige since the death of Wordsworth (1850), so that it has now generally ludicrous connotations in the mind of the ordinary man? (2) What must our present-day poets do to regain the respect due to it? If one refrains from gathering a symposium on the subject it is due to the fear that the eminent few are themselves tainted with the same cynical views that now pervade the million, so that the majority of answers would run: (1) Because no great poets have appeared since that date. (2) Write great poetry.

While believing that this first statement is true so far as it goes, probably the inferences which would be drawn therefrom would be wholly unjustified. That since 1850 no personality has arisen as a mouth-piece of that "natural piety" which is the common basis of our emotions, and, in a healthy state (whether individual or social), has the ordering and guidance of our likings and aversions, is unhappily true enough. In an age of unfaith it is difficult to find any common basis for appealing to the emotions, since the arrogant reason is always ready to flout all sincere feeling as the mere self-indulgence of those whose intellect is not keen enough to mark either the source or the purpose of the passions that waylay them. This, is, indeed, the one and only theme of Mr. Shaw's plays, and is symptomatic of an age when the fine arts have become utterly divorced from life, and are no longer the handmaidens of the social instincts, either trivial or serious. In so far as any present-day poetry is allied to social instincts, it generally speaks with a voice of protest, dismay, or despair utterly inimical to the "pure religion breathing household laws" so cherished by our grandparents. The poetry of Wordsworth's generation expressed the general aspirations of a vast bulk of people, as is now clear from a philosophic survey of that period. Scott rendered articulate the sentiments vaguely felt in what we now know as the "Gothic revival," the alliance between man and the hills that overshadow him and the homes that shelter; in Byron the same feeling of pious awe for nature as the arena for heroic exploits or the stern corrector of mean ones is implicit throughout, while Wordsworth himself, in whose work all this is equally inherent, lifts it to another plane by an omission, in general, of any insistence on the purely grandiose elements in men's history (such as battles and the pomps of kingship), insisting on the "natural piety" that creates its own transcendent world from the commonest elements and the lowliest duties. Shelley's faith in the latent possibilities of man led him "to fear himself and love all human kind," and to hail "Earth, Ocean, Air" as one "beloved brotherhood."

The generation that succeeded Wordsworth, undermined by industrialism and evolution, added nothing to our store of beauty as regards any conception of our relation to the universe in which we live. It added enormously in metrical accomplishment, sheer virtuosity

reaching its final apotheosis in Swinburne, where the poet, at first holding the hounds of rhyme and alliteration well in leash, is finally dragged clean off his feet by the tugging pair. The poetry of this period is almost wholly the poetry of introspection and self-analysis varied by occasional word-painting of extreme fineness. The self-questioning of sincere men who want to do the right but confess they do not know it, whose tragic lot it is to be endowed with instincts for beauty which have outlived their power of trusting the old sanctions and prohibitions in whose fulfilling it was once to be found—we have that on the one hand; and on the other is the poetry of nervous sensations, which convey a serious import only to people of tender years, often impelling them to dire lamentation or revolt over a life as yet unseen in focus. Neither category of song conduces to the idea of an apostolate in the singer, since the first insists on our incurable wretchedness and the second insists only on joys that cannot survive a cold in the head or a twinge of neuralgia.

Poetry to win respect from the ordinary man must be by way of an affirmation. Rightly or wrongly to the normal English mind, poetry stands or falls by its effect as a help or hindrance to living, and hence by its insistence on "man's unconquerable mind." "But," the reader may object, "to appraise poetry thus is to mistake and misjudge the whole nature and meaning of aesthetic endeavour." That may or may not be so; we merely notice the phenomenon without ratifying the opinion.

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

is one of the few affirmations of "man's unconquerable mind" made in our own time that has achieved instant and assured popularity. But an age that is seriously asking whether—since man is a product of heredity and environment and his thought and conduct necessarily conditioned by these—he *can* have an "unconquerable mind" has oftener produced a poet "tired of myself and sick of asking"; or another who hopes wistfully—

that good shall fall
At last far off, at last to all
And every winter turn to spring.

or a third who astonishes us with the agile shuffling of "Bishop Blougram's Apology" (though he wins our popular acclaim with his "Epilogue" and "Prospect"); or a fourth who

strives to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
seeking that "escape from life" (which only a modern critic could have proffered as an excuse for art), by re-telling old tales that are utterly remote from life as we know it.

If we recall some of the best-known lines of standard English poetry and the strong and noble affirmations lying behind them, such as those to which the following are an index:—

The expanse of spirit in a waste of shame—
It is not growing like a tree—

The glories of our blood and state—
When I consider how my light is spent—
The World is too much with us—

we see at once that our past poetry has enshrined an ethical sentiment which has come home to the hearts and bosoms of men without descending to the tameness and obviousness of writers, such as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who now usurp the throne and receive the tribute due to the authentic singer.

WILFRID THORLEY.

A Genial Gossip*

By HALDANE MACFALL.

THE author of this gossip volume disarms criticism by frankly confessing himself what his enemies—if so genial a fellow have enemies, except the enemies of all success—will undoubtedly call him, a lover of the great ones. Yet a snob in the worst sense he cannot be. He makes no disguise of his real name being Jones—which he wisely changed for Thaddeus, realising that a name should be a label. This is typical of the sound commonsense of the man throughout his life; so far as the years have already taken him. A downright snob would have buried Jones at midnight in the coal-cellars, and left him there hidden for ever. The frontispiece, a quick, deft self-portrait, reveals the man to be much what the pen thereafter completes as portrait, a soldierly-looking, shrewdly diplomatic, forthright fellow, "bound to get on," with no neck for servility, but liking the great ones so well that their company did not compel humiliations upon him. Such is stuff for the making of a good gossip; and Mr. Thaddeus's volume is jolly reading. 'Tis true he has the flaw of journalese; and to drink a glass of whisky is to "pour out a libation upon the altar of Bacchus," even donkeys become "steeds," and "the former" and "the latter" do most hideously abound. Mr. Thaddeus opens well; plunges a header into the stream; and except for somewhat empty letters from the very highly placed, never wearies with the tedious stuff that makes the reading of the average biography so dull an adventure. He had the good fortune to win early in life the favour of the Royal House of Teck; and his genial gifts soon made him a wide circle of friends. He has his weaknesses—like most of us he considers the best critic to be that man who speaks well of him; but we may drop as of poor value his support of such allies; his word in such matters is of no account. Therefore let us to the substance of his volume, though one shrewdly suspect he is a better talker than writer.

Of Irish stock, the young Thaddeus had the good luck to begin his training at ten in the art school of Cork, and with a breezy description of that school his book opens. By fourteen the lad had so well mastered drawing from the antique that he was made assistant-

master. At seventeen the youth crossed the Channel and went to the historic school in London called Heatherley's, that picturesque old master being still lord of the school. Heatherley figures in a delicious story. The mild old man, with long white flowing beard, and arrayed in dressing-gown and skull cap, if he knew little of art, at least insisted on a lofty attitude towards the models, whom he arranged on Monday mornings, whilst the students waited outside the doors. Now each student set his palette and laid it on his allotted chair before retiring beyond the door; and Thaddeus tells of the girl model who, becoming tired owing to the long and tedious arrangement of the foreground draperies by old Heatherley, took a rest and sat down on one of the set palettes. The prim old man was feverishly trying to get off the paint when the students, grown restive, broke into the room to find the distracted Heatherley scraping with palette-knife and rubbing with turpentine the painted lady. The scene of wild laughter that followed may be well imagined. And, be it remembered, these were the students of the late 'seventies, when the wild devilments of students, art and medical, and Sandhurst cadets, to say nothing of the 'varsities, used to make "the Pav." music-hall a place of reckless and foolish riot of a Saturday night.

Young Thaddeus was soon in the literary set; and at nineteen made for Paris, which he, of course, calls "the gay city." Of the student life in "the Quarter" he gives a somewhat disappointingly sketchy survey marred by the "fine writing" that overwhelms even good story-tellers when they "take up the pen"; for instance: "It culminated in an orgy with my boon companions which terminated with the morning light illuminating our tottering footsteps as we sought our respective abodes." Mr. Garvin could not beat that. Our author seems to have had his eyes always on the road of convention; for, from Paris, he went inevitably to Pont-Aven, and thence to Concarneau. Thereafter he met Edmond de Goncourt and Alphonse Daudet, but seems unable to give any impression of them. At twenty-two he shakes the life bohemian from him and makes for Florence—which he, of course, calls "the Cradle of European Art." After a punishing introduction to mosquitoes the young fellow settled in a studio that had once belonged to the loathsome order of the Murati, or walled-in nuns. The Guelphs and Ghibellines, by the way, were somewhat more complicated than Mr. Thaddeus's neat and clear definition states—at the same time it is quite true that the Renaissance nobility of Italy were not Italians at all, but Goths and Germans, as the fair type reveals; whilst their hereditary foes, the Guelphs, were the wealthy Italian merchant class. Nor can one well speak of the "virility" of a horse.

At last our artist, being now twenty-three, was introduced to the Duke of Teck, who seems to have taken a fancy to him and thereby established his fortune. Mr. Thaddeus becomes quite Italian in his description of the royal couple, and we get little nearer to the personality of the amiable and widely loved duchess than the bland compliments and exaggerated phrases in

* *Recollections of a Court Painter.* By H. JONES THADDEUS. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

which the characters of the royalties suffer drowning. This is the more the pity since the Duchess of Teck was a remarkable woman whose personality was well worth recording; but our author proves, long before we reach the middle of his volume, that he is not greatly endowed with the literary gift of portraiture. Indeed, halfway through the book came an alarming uneasiness; for we are given long dreary details of visits which bore us as solemnly as they must have bored those who took part in them—whilst the lists of grandees at tea-parties become as wearisome as the *Gazette*, or Bankruptcy lists.

However, the Duchess of Teck had opened to him the gates to success; and he returned to London full of introductions to the great. An interesting flashlight is given here and there, as in the Home Rule tendencies of the Duchess of Cambridge as against the solid opposition of the whole of the rest of the royal family. But for the most part we travel in trains—luncheon details are given with solemn unction—and "the Duke and myself" go to sleep, or, as Mr. Thaddeus has it, "fall into the arms of Morpheus." But he shows, between the lines, that even the German royalties are very human, simple folk, unspoilt by splendour most of the time, and wonderfully tame when treated kindly. Here and there his quick observation reveals itself, where he does not feel hampered by the friendship of the great; and his deft description of the break-up of society at Florence owing to the Czar's recall of the Russian grandes who were grinding down their peasants in absentee landlordism to maintain their lavish Florentine hospitality—and his picture of the Florentine grandes making a great outward show of fine carriages and dresses, but going home to their gloomy palaces to "partake" (oh, Mr. Thaddeus! partake) of their grim dinners of macaroni or tripe—all this has much tart Irish humour in its convincingness.

Lady Orford's receptions, as that wonderful old lady smoked cigars and overlooked moral weaknesses in the amusing rips of her English salons, are clearly put before us, and her ladyship is a quick pen-portrait of which one desires more. Queen Natalie of Servia, who used to walk about the streets bareheaded, her dark hair down her back; Mr. Livingstone, with his coach and sixteen horses; the pearl-loving Princess Wornzoff; the jewel-decked Jewess, Countess de Talleyrand; her bald-headed Count de Talleyrand, with his large range of wigs of different length, and the necessity of the fashionable to beg the name of his barber on the days when he commenced to wear the shortest, these are all sketched with gossip skill. The care taken to make the Royal Academy accept the painter's portrait of Queen Mary of England makes amusing reading.

In the spring of 1887, before leaving Florence, the painter made his well-known portrait of Gladstone, which brought forth Mrs. Gladstone's whispered caution: "Above all things, my dear, agree with him in everything he says." At Cannes he again met and gives a fine account of the noble-soul'd Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and a first-hand account from the lips of the Grand Duchess Vladimir of the

hair-breadth escape of the Czar and the Court in St. Petersburg, due to the unique act of the Czar in being a few minutes late for dinner—a fact which foiled the anarchists, who blew up the dining-room of the palace just as the imperial party reached the door, who, kneeling in the darkness whilst the Czar called to prayer, praying until the palace was relit, found a gaping abyss before them—banquet and banqueting hall, servants and floor, all vanished into the void. This awful incident is unrelieved by the humour of the Irishman who entertained the earthquake: all Nice had rushed from the houses into the public square, clad in night apparel, at the first shock; when, huddled in crowds trembling with panic, they heard a piano strike up in a great deserted restaurant and a rich baritone brogue sing, "We won't go home till morning." We get a glimpse of our artist's own cool head and resource in time of danger in his adventure whilst painting in Algeria—an ugly situation saved by his Irish pluck and genial commonsense.

Of Rome and the Romans Mr. Thaddeus gives one of his best pictures, and by the time he reaches London his pen runs more fluently. There is an excellent story of two diplomats with handsome wives—the two men who sit up late and forget their rooms, to which our Court Painter guides them after midnight—but one must not spoil one of the best stories in the book. The extravagances of Jan van Beers, the conceit and pettiness of Whistler, the difficulties of painting Irish M.P.'s before the subscribers had changed to deadly enemies; Du Chaillu of gorilla fame; Lord Cromer; Lord Dufferin's donkey race with Lord Charles Beresford—these are among our painter's best descriptions.

I am just returned from looking upon Lord Ronald Gower's "Shakespeare Group" at Stratford-on-Avon, and it reveals that our Court Painter is a poor authority on statuary. Of Egypt, of the foul rule of Ismail, of the purification of the land by Lord Cromer, of the dire result of the Queen's not understanding the Oriental mind; of Society taking the waters at Homburg, including the American woman-climber to titles; of the breach between Edward VII and the Emperor William; of the serious Australian problem of the destruction of child-life; and on all subjects concerning religion Mr. Thaddeus is worth reading.

For one who has passed his career largely in "villas replete with every luxury," as our author puts it, Mr. Thaddeus cannot be expected to frame his phrases in a simpler style; it would not go with the plush hangings; but whilst one suspects that the shorthand writer would have made a better book from his talk, one must pay him the tribute of witness that his painted portraiture shows the man's real gifts, and simplicity and directness are not the least of these. The outer man he records with shrewd observation; and one or twice he discovers to us the deeper inner man. The brush is more limited than the pen—its range a lesser range—and when the pen is in his hand our Court Painter has not the unamiable courage of too frank an inquisition into such as have done him royal service, the which, perhaps, is as it should be.

REVIEWS

A Seventeenth Century Mystic

Studies in Jacob Böhme. By A. J. PENNY. Illustrated. (John M. Watkins. 6s. net.)

JACOB BOHME, who was born in 1575, was a shoe-maker of Görlitz, in Saxony. In the year 1600 we learn that "he was first consciously overtaken by the Spirit of the Light, which loved him exceedingly."

This remarkable and ecstatic phenomenon took place one day in the fields, when, as he said, "in one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been years together at an university, . . . for I saw and knew the Being of all beings, the *Byss* and *Abyss*, also the birth or eternal generation of the Holy Trinity; the descent or original of this world, and of all creatures through the divine wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds, namely the divine, angelical, and paradisical world; the dark world; and the external or visible world, being a procreation or extern birth. . . . I had a thorough view of the universe as in a Chaos." Böhme was right. A whole lifetime at a university fails to give such profound knowledge as this.

Euripides once wrote: "δ Θεός ὡς ἔφη τι ποίκιλον καὶ δυστέκμαρτον," and, for centuries since, the most profound philosophers have echoed this aphorism.

Böhme waited some ten years before he gave in his "Aurora" the "unsought riches of revelation" to his friends—and enemies, for in that age it seemed particularly unorthodox and unauthorised that an illiterate should write "as he was moved by the Holy Ghost."

The authorities of Görlitz, headed by the Primate, Gregory Richter, raised such a disturbance, and so persecuted Böhme, who was condemned for heresy, that for the sake of peace he retired to Dresden, where he died, after a short illness, in 1624. There most of his works (thirty-one in all) were written, between the years 1618 and 1624. Mrs. Penny claims that "from his writings, Sir Isaac Newton in England, and Hegel in Germany, drew what the French call *les idées mères*, to which their own fame has been largely due."

Hegel probably borrowed ideas from Böhme, as he did, without acknowledgment, from Duns Scotus, though Hegel's system of Ontology is diametrically opposite to Böhme's ideas of Revelation. Yet in Böhme, as a mystic philosopher, we trace the same assurance of the possession of absolute truth as in the empirical philosophers. "Truly, we are the whole world; with us wisdom shall die," in effect say Hegel, Nietzsche, Haeckel and others. Böhme had some excuse—the possession of a direct revelation. He consciously identified his "inspiration" with the Eternal Omnipotent Creative Wisdom, he himself being merely the mechanical agent. Yet Mrs. Penny actually justifies her rejection of certain of his teachings and deductions by the extraordinary statement that "doubtless the spirits he associated with were sometimes ignorant."

Here mystic meets mystic, not on common ground,

but with a temporary lapse into practical commonsense. The same allegation might be brought against Swedenborg, Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Eddy and others—a scarcely acceptable explanation of failure, although mystics admit the existence of evil and lying spirits, and Böhme himself assures us that they are "fond of 'jugglery.'" The difficulty must be in deciding what is truth, hence the position of the transcendental mystic, on his own showing, differs little from that of the scientific philosopher. But Böhme had the singular advantage of a trance of many months' duration, during which he became cognisant of the World-Soul and of other world-souls. This trance may perhaps be explained as a prolonged meditation on the doctrines of the ancient pagan philosophers, concerning the Mundane or Universal Soul. This Cosmic Spirit "captivated Adam and introduced its substantiality into his imagination, viz., his untoward gross body." "The World-Souls of the universe exist in pairs, male and female."

Madame Blavatsky's "Astral Light, or Anima Mundi," dual and bi-sexual, is found in Böhme's theory that before his sleep Adam was a man and also a woman, and yet neither of them distinct, and that the woman Eve was given to him after his fall, which caused his sleep. We give this example to illustrate the kind of speculation of which Böhme was capable.

In his view of the origin of nature, Böhme seems almost to have been a monist. "If the seven spirits of nature had not been from eternity then there would be no angel, no Heaven, also no earth have come to be." (N.B.—He means *eternal nature*, as all the rest of his teaching proves.) These forms of Eternal Nature are the seven spirits of God, "generating God," hence the saying of Isaiah xlvi, 7: "I create evil," is strictly true. There is much in these essays which shows the more profound side of Böhme's philosophy. On the continuance of evil, he says: "Nothing without contradiction or opposition can become manifest to itself. The evil or contrary will causeth the good, viz., the good will, that it preseth again after its original, viz., after God."

Böhme interpreted the scriptures in the deepest spiritual sense, in the light of what he believed to be direct revelation. Many of his interpretations are highly original. Poiret credited him as one "qui avec une pénétration toute centrale des choses théologiques et surnaturelles, ait aussi connu d'origine les vraies principes de la philosophie, tant de la métaphysique, que de la vraie physique." But his mysticism is too transcendental for the many. His writings are only for the few. There may be much that is lacking in modern popular Christianity, yet taken as a whole it is at least practical.

Those who take pleasure in speculative mystic theosophy will find much to interest them in Böhme's spiritual mysticism, and an unexpected light thrown on many difficult problems, even though his own claims and those of his admirers are often beyond acceptance. Mrs. Penny, whose essays in *Light* are reprinted in this volume, was one of his greatest admirers. She was herself a mystic of the type of Swedenborg, a deep thinker, and gifted with a profound faith in things

spiritual. For nearly forty years, till her death in 1893, she had made Böhme her constant companion and was familiar with the whole range of his writings, as well as with those of the students of his philosophy, Freber, Martensen, and many others.

Various Studies

William Morris, his Homes and Haunts. By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net.)

1913, and Other Essays. By ALFRED EDWARD CAREY. (Thomas Burleigh. 2s. 6d. net.)

Leaves of Prose. By ANNIE MATHESON, with Two Studies by MAY SINCLAIR. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

The Shadow Show. By J. H. CURLE. With Frontispiece. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

The Autobiography of a Working Woman. By ADELHEID POPP. Translated by F. C. HERVEY. With Introduction by AUGUST BEBEL and J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., and Two Portraits. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE most noticeable thing in Lady Warwick's kind-hearted book about William Morris is the twice-repeated story that Morris once told Burne-Jones that "poetry is tommy-rot." Lady Warwick admires this because it seems to her to show that Morris was not a "mere poet." Whereas, if it meant anything at all, it meant that he considered it a poor thing to be a "mere poet," and perhaps that he felt himself in danger of being one. Physical strength and violent language are no infallible safeguards, and Lady Warwick herself finds "an abstract of his philosophy of life" in a scene from "The Roots of the Mountains" where the men and the Bride rest at midday and eat. This abstract is "work first, because it is the most lasting of pleasures; then rest on the green slope with a strange medley of onions and beautiful women singing old-time songs." Whether this is poetry or not, it is not far from being "tommy-rot." There is no doubt that Morris was essentially a decorator. He spoilt a tobacco-pipe in "News from Nowhere" by irrelevant ornament. With one or perhaps two exceptions his poems are the most purely poetical ever written: no others were ever so decorative. And so he threw a stone out of his glass house and said poetry was "tommy-rot."

Mr. Alfred Edward Carey expresses the same discontent with his times. "The rising generation of artists are tailors' models, frock-coated or dress-jacketed. Who amongst them would venture to revive the Bohemianism in which Thackeray and Du Maurier delighted? Absurd, no doubt—the long hair, the mighty pipe, the garb in defiance—but how real!" Yet Time's wingéd chariot is bearing hither a critic who will adore these stern and spotless men in frock-coats or dress-jackets—they never troubled to be superficially different from the multitude, but looked like millionaires or military men; they regarded the extravagant garb and the long hair as so much poetry or nonsense. They lived, it will be said, when a poetess—Miss Annie Matheson—

was not ashamed to write a sonnet on the election of the London County Council:—

Now let your great traditions guard your heart,
Brave city of Milton, Shakespeare's capital!

They wore frock-coats, but they were anxious to preserve individuality underneath. Even for pauper children Miss Matheson desires "more home-life, with all its variety of give and take and rough and smooth; less of that safe, machine-like, inflexible institution-routine, which, from its very perfection and inevitability, deadens character, creates spontaneity and injures health. Courage, resource, originality—what chance is there of these where childhood is governed in the aggregate and humanity is adjusted to the average?" She wishes to multiply interference in order to destroy the effects of interference. She would have strife without brutality. Nature lying down with Art and producing an impossible harmony, as in the "Faerie Queene," of winds and waters, birds, human voices, and instruments.

Miss Matheson quotes with admiration Clagh's review of Alexander Smith's poems, where he said—

These poems were not written among bodes and burts,
nor yet

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;

for they were full of "images drawn from the busy seats of industry." Mr. J. H. Curle is one who has listened to melodious birds and factories without any impressive effect on style or character. He has seen so much that he has time only for a catalogue and some downright prejudices. He is most amusing when he calls up before his memory the women of the globe to appraise them:—

My affinity lies in the Gothic North; Austrians, Russians, Germans, and Scandinavians are the women of my dreams. A wintry landscape, with a fairish woman in her furs, is civilisation's masterpiece.

He has been everywhere, and it has left him probably as it found him, blatant and cocksure, but not a writer. He may be better with the sword or the shovel; his words do not create the image of such a one, but only of one who esteems himself such a one.

Frau Popp has not travelled, nor troubled about the proper subjects of poetry, or about the relative positions of life and literature; but no doubt books like hers are encouraged by the revolt of the reading middle-class against "mere poetry" and life at second-hand. Frau Popp's book is one of the most simple and modest of its kind. It was originally to have appeared without her own name, since she did not regard her narrative as of individual importance, but as representing the lot of hundreds of thousands of the women and girls of the working-class.

She writes definitely for this purpose, and as one who has come to certain conclusions about the position of the working woman. It aims at being rather a tract than a work of art. But it is far from being only a

heartrending summary. It abounds in such things as where, in the house of a Duchess to which she had gone for charity, she saw a girl like herself, in a similar shawl, green frock and wooden shoes, with the same eyes and dark hair, without knowing that it was herself in a mirror. It is probable that she could have written a longer book that would also have been better. Her business is with the main outlines of her earlier life and the reflections which led her to become a Socialist. She has no poor opinion of literature. It is probable, indeed, that only a writer who wished to show himself above his trade would call poetry or any other form of literature, except the bad, "tommy-rot."

Anatole France at his Best

At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque. By ANATOLE FRANCE. A Translation by MRS. WILFRID JACKSON, with an Introduction by WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (John Lane. 6s.)

MR. JOHN LANE, of the Bodley Head, is publishing what may rightly be described as an *édition de luxe* of the works of Anatole France, although in price it appears as an ordinary series of volumes, and the latest to be added to the collection is the "Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédaque," which has been described as "perhaps the most characteristic example of that elusive point of view which makes for the magic of Anatole France." A collected edition of this writer's works would indeed be incomplete without the inclusion of the present volume. On the other hand the book might properly be published by itself if only as an introduction of its author's work to English readers. There can be no doubt that this view is widely recognised, for the present is the second translation of "La Reine Pédaque" which has been issued to English readers within the last few months. The story under notice cannot be considered a novel in the ordinary sense. It may more properly be designated a chronicle, or, still better, a parable. There is no particular plot; it is in effect a sketch of two or three characters with half-a-dozen others brought in to fill the interstices. In this form the fullest opportunity is afforded for the display of the delicate art and irony for which the author is rightly famous, which makes the present volume a delight to the reader.

Every author loses something by translation, and Anatole France above all is untranslatable in many of his aspects. His genius is so closely akin to that of the French language that no other medium is adequate to interpret it. Thus the English translation must necessarily fall below the original. Yet Anatole France even in English is so delightful, that Mrs. Jackson's translation deserves and should receive a wide and cordial welcome. The nature of this particular work lends itself to the casual reader. The volume can be opened at any page and enjoyed. The reader is independent of the slight shadow of a plot which strings the narrative together. The style, the wit, and the learning without a trace of

pedantry, conveyed in delightful manner, are sufficient attraction. The book can be read merely for the delight of reading Anatole France. Its gentle satire amuses all and can hurt none. But it is necessary to issue one word of warning. It is not suitable *virginibus puerisque*.

Quotation can give no adequate impression of the work, yet to cull one or two passages needs no excuse. One is reminded of the apology of our own Charles II for taking so long about his dying, by the Canon, who, when *in extremis*, was visited by his Bishop. "Alas!" said the Canon, "I ask pardon of your Lordship for unavoidably dying in your presence." "Go on, go on, do not mind me," replied Monseigneur kindly. The mad alchemist whom our author has created is amusing, but he is much more than that. Anatole France is sufficient of an artist to leave to his readers' imagination the feelings of the gourmand Abbé when he was gravely informed that "The next thing will be to nourish ourselves on extracts of metals and minerals suitably prepared by physicians. Have no fear, the taste will be delicious and its absorption wholesome. Cooking will be done in retorts and in alembics, and we shall have alchemists as master-cooks. . . . Nature . . . suffers nothing useless to exist." The Alchemist looked even farther ahead. He foresaw the time when mankind would exist on no more substantial food than sunbeams. "It is a mere question of rendering potable the beams of the sun. If ever some sage attains this goal, mankind will equal the Sylphs and Salamanders in intelligence and beauty. . . . When we feed as we ought our teeth will be replaced by some ornament like the Salamander's pearls. Then we shall be unable to imagine how a lover could have looked without horror and disgust on the dog-teeth in his mistress's mouth."

The Springs of English Drama

The Tudor Drama: A History of English National Drama to the Retirement of Shakespeare. By C. F. TUCKER BROOKE, B.LITT.(Oxon.) (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

THE drama is one of those perennial topics which lends itself to every man who has a theory to ventilate or an innovation to introduce. The modern tendencies and theories of this art have become so numerous, and, to tell the truth, often so foolish, that it is desirable that those who have some new extravagance to air, or who are about to overthrow some of the older canons, should be compelled to study the history and try to get at the groundwork of their subject. Herein lies the value of the volume under review. He who thoroughly assimilates this history, discovering for himself the dramatic principles involved, and the lines of development and laws of growth which are implicit in it, will be better fitted to estimate the true worth of modern movements.

The book before us, a well-written and very thorough piece of work, should prove of the greatest value to literary students who wish to get a complete under-

standing of the rise of English drama. It would form an admirable text-book, though it is not by any means composed in the dry-as-dust manner which so many writers of text-books affect. Its author, although a scholar of an English University, is now instructor in English at Yale. He is fully aware of the kind of quibbling criticism which may be made concerning his title, and the way in which he has been forced to overstep its exact limits; but we are willing enough to concede to him all the liberty he requires in this matter, for divisions into periods are always an artificial device which can never be wholly satisfying, convenient though they often may be.

The earlier chapters deal with that fascinating time when the drama gradually emerged amid the many-coloured life of the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries. How the modern play had its almost protoplasmic forerunner in connection with the Church, how in its development this forerunner gradually shook itself free from religious influences, and gained an independent life, are matters familiar enough to all students of literary history. They are retold here with a fulness and clearness that make these pages perhaps the most interesting in the book. The stiffness and didacticism of miracle play, morality, and interlude were gradually outgrown: John Lyly is the first dramatist of a newer order. This is how Professor Brooke speaks of him:—

John Lyly is the first dominating personality that confronts the historian of the English drama. . . . Hitherto, the playwrights of two centuries, figures often nameless and generally obscure, present themselves to the student normally and properly as exponents of one strain or another in dramatic evolution. Henceforth, it is rather the play, in the most conspicuous and important cases, which becomes subsidiary to the reflection of the personality and character of the poet. Thus judicial interest in the dramatic species gives place ordinarily to appreciation of the individual dramatist.

From this point our author takes up the various types of drama in succession—tragedy, comedy, the heroic play, romantic and pastoral comedy, the history play, and others—and writes about each with a true critical insight into the complex growth of these forms. There are times, of course, when this work must necessarily be pedestrian, consisting chiefly of a description of one play after another, but through all there are gleams such as this:—

Successful tragedy, when it came, resulted, not from the effort to pack a sensational story upon the slender and ill-articulated frame of the interlude, but from the thorough adaptation of the more resourceful Latin model to national uses and traditions.

The disintegrating influences which finally brought this splendid period to barren days are well indicated, and show how deep and abiding is the connection between art and life at all times. The first of these was the rise of Puritanism, which, by its fierce antagonism

to the stage, created so strong a division in the national life as to vitiate the springs of dramatic inspiration. The other great influence was more academic, and was due to an attempt to impose literary canons of a classical kind upon the dramatist, and so to hedge him about with limitations as to make the free practice of his art almost an impossibility. In the course of this discussion Professor Brooke has some illuminating things to say:—

During the age of which we are treating, dramatic literature and established religion were infinitely more than the narrowly defined and essentially unrelated phenomena they are at present. Each had potentially, at least, if not in actuality, a scope so enormous as to include within itself the entire social, political, and intellectual import of the national life; and that would probably be no very distorted conception of history which should regard the Elizabethan impulse toward dramatic self-expression and the great Puritan movement as the protagonists in a struggle, where the prize of victory was nothing less than the power of shaping the ideals and interests of the English people.

A word of praise must be added for the very full and excellent bibliographies which are appended to each chapter, and also for the comprehensive index.

A L'AMÉRICAINE

Traveller's Tales. By "THE PRINCESS." (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8s. net.)

THE substance of the papers of which this book is composed first appeared in the pages of the *Springfield Republican*. Perhaps Springfield likes its infinitives split. If so, it must have in "The Princess" an author after its own heart. Frankly, the style of this book is such as to invite execration. It fairly bristles with "and whiches," and similar grammatical—or rather ungrammatical—atrocities. Here is a sample of "The Princess" at her very worst. She is writing of a Quentin Mastys at Munich:—

To me, perhaps because of the Oberammergau influence, she is a gem of gems, this beautiful sorrowing mother, whose face is so exquisitely expressive of love, worship, and tenderness, and which stands out so vividly in distinction to the dead helplessness of the crucified, against a lovely background of blue.

Nor do "The Princess's" delinquencies end here. On page 67 we are gravely informed that the people at Interlaken are followers of Zwingli, "a form of Calvinism." It is scarcely necessary to add that Zwingli is not "a form of Calvinism," but the name of a Swiss reformer. The name of Neill Gow is misspelt on page 107, while on page 146 the name of the Rev. W. F. G. Sandwith, the vicar of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, appears as the Rev. H. G. Sandwith. "The Princess's" explanation of the origin of the "grille" in

the House of Commons has at least the charm of novelty :—

The grating, I was . . . told, had been there for a great many years, and was put up because the bright eyes and sweet smiles of their feminine friends caused such havoc in the hearts of the members as to prevent them from properly attending to business !

So easy is it to impose upon the credulity of a Princess—particularly when that Princess happens to be an American!

Style (or its absence) apart, the book is one of vivid human interest. It is the record of a prolonged tour in Europe, told in a series of letters. "The Princess" is, happily, free from those objectionable elements which make the American tourist so often an object of curiosity rather than of admiration. She has a receptive mind, and her comments are invariably both shrewd and stimulating. She has crowded enough experience into these pages to provide material for at least a dozen books of travel. Her recollections range from Pitlochry to the Pyrenees. She has mixed with dukes in Scotland, and with *dévotes* at Lourdes. She has seen a coronation in London, a funeral in Paris, a passion play at Oberam-magau, and a bull-fight at Madrid. She has visited Goethe's house at Frankfort, has heard the chimes at Nuremberg, and wandered, enchanted, through the art galleries at Munich. And all these experiences have stirred in her something more than a mere vulgar curiosity. The sight of a religious procession in Bruges induces reflections on the attraction of the Catholic Church. She has a genuine respect for old institutions, a wholesome dread of the levelling influences of democracy, a fondness, which is evidently far from affected, for things European. She writes sympathetically of Paris, and almost rapturously of London. And her pages are at all times relieved by a pretty and quite feminine sentiment. There we must leave "The Princess." The art of writing good English is by no means an easy one, and "The Princess" has not acquired it.

A New Philosophy of Judaism

Selected Essays by Ahad Ha'Am. Translated from the Hebrew by LEON SIMON. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.)

FOR something like two thousand years Hebrew has for all practical purposes been a dead language. By a few isolated groups, settled in out-of-the-way districts of the Turkish dominions and neighbouring countries, it has been retained as a spoken language, but among the bulk of the Jews of the world, Hebrew, centuries ago, gave way to the languages of the Diaspora; so that the language of the Jews, inasmuch as it differed from those of the peoples among whom they dwelt has been Jüdisch-Deutsch, an old German dialect, in Central Europe and the regions colonised thence, and Ladino or Espanol, a language which bears a similar relationship to mediæval Spanish, among the descendants of Spanish

Jewish refugees who settled under the protection of the Mohammedans. Hebrew has survived throughout all those centuries only as a language of prayer, in a sense an artificial language divorced entirely from life, an apparently dead language which has stood still for centuries. Within the last generation, however, it has been found that the language was after all not yet dead: it had only been sleeping. The revival of Jewish nationalist feeling which followed the outbreak of anti-Jewish atrocities in Russia just thirty years ago carried with it a revival of the ancient language of the Hebrews. Hebrew spread outside of the Synagogue, and was adapted to the uses of the larger literature. First the world's classics began to be translated into the Hebrew tongue: soon the language itself was used as the vehicle of original composition, and Hebrew works appeared in all the branches into which human literature is divided. To adapt itself to this new use the language which had lain dormant for centuries had to spread and extend its vocabularies in many directions. Thus the Neo-Hebrew differs in many respects from the language of the Bible, just as modern Greek is a descendant of, not the same language as, the language of Homer and of Alexander.

Ahad Ha'Am, a selection of whose essays translated from the original Hebrew, is presented in the volume under notice, is the most scholarly and most cultured of the writers of this modern Hebrew. He is, moreover, in the forefront of modern Jewish philosophers. He has evolved a new philosophy of Judaism, according to which the hope of the future rests not in the mediæval Judaism of the Ghetto, nor in the modern Judaism of the lands of emancipation and assimilation, but in a *via media* which he has designated Moral Zionism. This Moral Zionism, otherwise known as Ahad Ha'amism, parted company long ago from the better-known Zionism which the late Theodore Herzl brought into being. Ahad Ha'Am and his disciples have no desire to create a Jewish political state in Palestine: their object is to safeguard the future of Judaism by assuring it of a spiritual and moral centre in its historic land, whence the Jews of the Diaspora and their faith may from time to time draw reinvigoration. In furtherance of a double purpose, an exposition of Ahad Ha'Am's philosophy and an illustration of the remarkable medium he has made of Hebrew as a means of expressing modern thought, Mr. Simon has made an excellent selection from the writings of his author. By concentrating on the former object he has not sacrificed anything of the latter, for all of Ahad Ha'Am's writings show how perfectly and artistically he has moulded his practically self-created medium to his pen. But Mr. Simon is not a mere translator and editor. He also is a philosopher; and those who are anxious to find in convenient form an exposition of a philosophy of modern Judaism could hardly do better than to read the illuminating introduction which the editor contributes to these essays. In fact the author has been fortunate in his translator and editor, and the latter has also been fortunate in his subject.

A Great Property

The Industrial Punjab: A Survey of Facts, Conditions, and Possibilities. By A. LATIFI, I.C.S. (Longmans, Green and Co. 4s. 6d.)

THE people of England are hardly aware of the immense property the nation possesses in its Eastern Dependency, and of its capacity for almost unlimited development. Plenty of information is available, in official and non-official literature, if anyone cares to seek it. This book, prepared under the authority of the Local Government is a survey of the Facts, Conditions, and Possibilities of the Punjab, considered as a field for industries, that is, for its manufacturing industries, in which the raw material is appreciably altered by human skill or labour, but it does not include the mineral, agricultural and forest products of the country. Of the 315 millions of the population of India, the Punjab contains only 20, of whom 56 per cent are supported by agriculture. The artisans form only 20 per cent. Education is so backward that skilled artisans are few; difficulties in respect of labour and capital completely dominate the larger or factory industries, which are yet in an elementary stage. Much remains to be done in the encouragement of village industries, and finally in the extension of the means of distribution.

Mr. Latifi's official inquiry showed that, in spite of all impediments, the various industries, from cotton to glass, separately treated in his twenty chapters, already employ a considerable number of workers, and that if certain difficulties can be surmounted a great future is possible for them. It is the old story of want of capital and of confidence. As usual in India, Government assistance is the remedy suggested to supply the deficiencies of private enterprise. Industrial education conducted by Government is the first proposal, culminating in a well-equipped Technical College. We had not heard before that "factories in Europe are most unwilling to teach possible rivals," and the statement to this effect can hardly be accepted without corroboration. The fact remains that numerous students do come to Great Britain, and even visit America, for their industrial and technical training. Further, Government is expected to give more direct inducements in the shape of guarantees and subsidies to special industries, and is asked to send a Commission, suitably selected, to the countries whose economic development bears some analogy to that of India. The little State of Wurtemberg in Germany, and Japan, are the two examples held up for imitation.

Such inquiries and books have their value, but they are not enough, without further action. It is essential that they should be utilised by commercial men with an eye to business. The Punjab, like the rest of India, is progressing, though the ravages of plague and malaria are appalling; but the pace of progress is slow and immediate results cannot be attained all along the line. It is for the people to help themselves and employ their own capital, whether through Companies or Co-operative Societies or individual undertakings, rather than wait for European capital, which may properly be invested in

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6 - FICTION.

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the larger projects, but can hardly be forthcoming for the smaller industries requiring local knowledge and minute attention. The apathy and want of enterprise of the Indian industrial classes are obstacles to advance which have to be overcome.

Shorter Reviews

The Brain of the Nation, and Other Verses. By CHARLES L. GRAVES. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a genuine flavour of *Punch* about these witty verses of Mr. Graves, and we are not surprised to learn that some of them have made their appearance in that paper. From his eyrie in Wellington Street the author sees the humorous side of life, possibly, as a welcome relaxation; at any rate, most of the work in this small volume was worth doing, and worth publishing in book form. If we were to call Mr. Graves a poet, he would probably smile, but in more than one instance he comes very near to deserving that title; his charming use of place-names in "Norfolk" carries with it something better than mere rhyming:—

Yours are the truest names in England—
Overy Staith and Icknield Way,
Waveney River, Ringmere, and Ringland,
Wymondham and Wormegay.

Land of windmills and brown-winged wherries
 Gliding along with the gait of queens ;
 Land of the Broads, the dykes, and the ferries,
 Land of the Sounds, the Brecks, the Denes.

Most of his stanzas, however, run on the lines of gentle remonstrance or sarcasm at the expense of persons who are, we must say, generally well-deserving of the "celestial hail of thwacks" which Mr. Graves deals out to them; the "Journalistic Apologue" is an example, and the concluding verse will give the cue to readers :—

His predecessors plied the pen
 Of gentlemen for gentlemen ;
 Now other times bring other ways,
 And peacocks pontify to jays.

The best thing in the book is probably the "Valedictory Ode" to Dr. Hans Richter, as, knowing Mr. Graves' musically inclined brain, we might expect :—

Beloved at once by amateurs and pro.'s—
 Like W. G., whom ev'rybody knows,
 The other Doctor famed for scores,
 Who, like you used to count in three and fours. . . .
 Mindful of dignity in ev'ry action—
 Unlike those *virtuosi* who on *outré* vesture
 Rely, or on extravagance of gesture,
 Or mainly on capillary attraction—
 You let no affectation mar your mien
 Grand, leonine, serene ;
 But swayed your hearers by the triple dower
 Of sympathy, simplicity, and power.

And the wickedest pages in the book are those devoted to the compiler of the "Great Thoughts" of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, where the spirit of sly sarcasm revels. We cannot quote more, but we can advise all who want an hour's thorough amusement with one who not only rhymes neatly, but splices his rhyming with the best of wit, free from the slightest suspicion of ill-feeling, to get this book and enjoy it as we have done.

De Stamboul à Bagdad: Notes d'un homme d'Etat Turc.
 By HAKKI-BEY. Illustrated. (Ernest Leroux, Paris.)
Politique Musulmane de la Hollande. Four Lectures by
 C. SNOUCK HURGRONJE. Illustrated. (Ernest Leroux,
 Paris.)

THERE is considerable divergence in the points of view of the authors of these two brochures, though they are both writing under the same auspices. The first is the account of a journey made by the Turkish statesman, Hakki Bey, from Stamboul to Bagdad—or rather to Basra—and is filled with his national aspirations, mostly, we cannot but feel, of the kind sometimes known as pious. The lawlessness of the tribes, the fecklessness of the authorities, and the "menées" of other powers on the skirts of the Ottoman realms fill Hakki Bey with indignation and with the desire to instil some energy into the rulers of his native land. But he is unable to indicate the means of action. As a book of travel, his work is entertaining, and not without the elements of excitement.

Dr. Snouck Hurgronje has given a series of lectures for the "Revue du Monde Musulman," which may be recommended to any reader anxious to understand the international workings of Islam. He devotes a great deal of attention to this general aspect of his thesis, and seems to use the great Dutch colonies more as illustrations than as a main subject. He is no friend to Mahometanism, and, in certain aspects, wishes it to be resisted and confined. But this is mainly an account of the political basis of Islamism; the universal Caliphate is the bane of the system. Dr. Hurgronje views it somewhat in the same light as a devout Elizabethan Protestant regarded the Papacy. Its ethical force should be allowed free play; its dangers, which are great and many, should be and will be exorcised by the magic of education. But the task must be taken in hand before it is too late. Islam is a huge but blind force, which, like the lightning, can be directed into harmlessness.

English Idioms. By JAMES MAIN DIXON, M.A., F.R.S.E. A Dictionary of Dates. Vol. I. A—Engineers. ("Nelson's Encyclopædic Library.") T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net each vol.)

OF the making of cheap popular series of books there appears to be no end, and one of the most useful of these, inaugurated quite recently, is undoubtedly "Nelson's Encyclopædic Library." It is founded on the firm's well-known "Encyclopædia," and the series is to include two types of volume—specialised works of reference, such as dictionaries and concordances of various kinds; and volumes, in an encyclopædic form, dealing with special subjects, such as Engineering, Agriculture, Economics, Science, etc. The volume of "English Idioms" is arranged in alphabetical form, and an initial letter indicates the category to which each phrase belongs: Prose, Conversational, Familiar, Slang. Many authorities have been consulted in the compilation, and we are pleased to see that several foreign phrases in use in everyday conversation and writing have been included, as this adds considerably to the value of the volume. "A Dictionary of Dates" aims at providing "a clear, systematic, and accurate record of the most important events in the world's history." It is, of course, arranged alphabetically, and the publishers boast that "a fuller system of cross-referencing has been adopted than can be found in any other work of the kind." In instances where long lists occur—as "Abbeys," "Battles," "Clubs," etc.—the arrangement is alphabetical instead of chronological, which is a distinct advantage. We are surprised to notice, however, that with very few exceptions only the year of the battle is given, and not the day on which it was fought, which, in the vast majority of instances, might easily have been added to the same line, as there is space for it. We observe one error which should be rectified in a future edition. Under "Cape of Good Hope" one is informed that it was discovered in 1488 and a settlement established in 1452. The latter date is clearly wrong. The volumes are appearing monthly, and Messrs. Nelson are to be congratulated on having produced another of their

popular series, cheap in price, handy in form, easy to consult, exhaustive, and up-to-date.

Histoire de la Maison de l'Espine. By YVES BLANC.
(H. Daragon, Paris. 3 fr.)

THIS is less a novel than a collection of detached episodes. M. Blanc has attempted, with some success as we think, to get the atmosphere of the early years of the "Grand Siècle." Swashbucklers, *Petits-maîtres* and *Précieuses* are the puppets that enliven his scene, and he makes large drafts on the traditional vocabulary of the period. If he acknowledges the inspiration of a master, it is surely that of Mérimée. Some of the episodes are more than suggestive of such a debt.

Fiction

A Lost Interest. By MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. Illustrated.
(Constable and Co. 6s.)

CLEVERNESS in a book is, more often than not, a sin, since it leads to boredom rather than the mental pleasure which reading is supposed to excite. Here is an exception which assists in proving the rule, for this book is clever in the extreme, yet every line of it is worth reading, and the principal feeling left by the last page is regret that one of the best books of the year no longer awaits perusal. This may appear high praise in view of the present big fiction output, but such dainty, delicate satire, such clear-cut pictures of life and character, such insight into motives and causes, as are here displayed will not soon be excelled in any novel. There are refreshing sparkles of real wit here and there throughout the book, and its really brilliant cleverness is made more fascinating by an underlying quality of kindness and sympathy, which finds implication rather than expression.

The "lost interest" is Dick Egerton, sent out to Africa in the first three months of his married life, and the story is mainly concerned with the other interests, more or less dangerous, of his grass widow's life. Thanks to Georgina, Lady Blatherwake, Mrs. Egerton is able to "look her husband straight in the face" when he returns, and of the dozen or more cleverly drawn characters of the book, we like Georgina Blatherwake best, for, cynical old sinner though she is on the surface, there is a big heart behind the cynicism.

But every character is worth knowing, and we welcome a book like this for its truth and—more than cleverness—its wisdom, as well as for its engrossing interest.

The Co-Respondent. By the Author of "The Terror by Night." (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

SOME parts of this book are very well written, and a few of the characters are life-like; but its subject is not a pleasing one, and we already learn, through news-

paper reports, far more than enough about matrimonial infidelity and the resultant divorce-court proceedings. The much-tried heroine of the story is married to as big a cad as ever figured in any work of fiction, a most repulsive man of the world without a single redeeming trait in his character, and we should have been more inclined to believe in his existence had the author painted him somewhat less blackly. On the other hand, the co-respondent is delineated with greater fidelity to human nature. There are times when he seems rather too goody-goody, but he has his moments of weakness, which we can understand. Let us add that the charge preferred against him and the heroine collapses in the divorce-court, where his suspicious behaviour is accounted for by the fact that he is addicted to walking in his sleep! This curious defence is the one really novel thing in a somewhat long volume. As we have already indicated, the author is not without ability, and if he will only choose some less unsavoury subject than that of "The Co-Respondent," and bear in mind that nobody is wholly good or wholly bad, he may well be able to produce more commendable work.

The Englishwoman. By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.
(Cassell and Co. 6s.)

THE story we have before us in "The Englishwoman" is based upon the utter unsuitability of a marriage between a European and an Oriental. Lucy Travers, rejecting the advances of her old playmate, Hugh Seymour, becomes infatuated with a certain Prince Jotindra, heir to an Indian native State. Within a week of meeting one another they become engaged; very shortly afterwards they are married, the Prince having to hasten back to his own people on account of the illness and ultimate death of his father. The scene now changing to India, the authors have good opportunities of portraying the very great difference that exists between the working of the Eastern mind and that of the Western—how the one is subtle, crafty and cunning, and has very little code save its own self-preservation at all costs, while the other, at its best, is capable of any sacrifice for the sake of honour and duty. Poor Lucy is brave, and remonstrates in her calm English way with her hot-headed young husband when he contemplates the murder of his brother, who he imagines will aspire to their father's throne, but West and East do not blend, and the book ends amid a tragedy unthought of by any concerned. The story is fascinating and well told, and the mysticism of the Eastern surroundings adds greatly to the interest of it.

Anna Strelitz. By LOW LATHEN. (John Long. 6s.)

THIS is the love story of Anna Strelitz, a young Jewess who turned Christian; of Henri, her cousin; and of many other people; for the stage is rather overcrowded, and the play of the book a trifle mixed. Anna, after having given all her love to Henri and confessed her affection, sends him away for the sake of her belief,

and takes him back too late, for he dies in the end. Both the renunciation and the tragedy appear forced and unnatural events devised for the sake of interest rather than reasonable happenings; thus they defeat their own ends. As a whole, the book is written with considerable power; but it is also possessed of a number of defects. The scene is mainly South African, where a Dutch or Kaffir story is invariably a "Winkel" and not a "Winkle," as the author misspells it. This, of course, is but a trifle, but it is one of a number that go to make the descriptions of South African scenery stagey and unreal. Again, the English of the book is far from faultless—among the numerous societies formed for various objects there is room for one which would teach young authors the value of "different from" and the marring effect of "different to." Such little things as these detract from the value of a book, and, though neither Anna nor her cousin fails to interest, the book is written too sketchily, and with too slight a sense of the value of restraint, to make really enjoyable reading. It is immature, rather careless work, though—as already noted—the story is not without power or interest.

The Last Resort. By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.
(John Lane. 6s.)

LOVE and adventure are combined in about equal portions in this clever novel. Major Sarrol, British Resident at a small African coast station, wishes for assistance from home in the shape of a strong force to put down native rebellion; he is sent for by the authorities to explain matters, and the story of his experiences in London, his vexatious delays, and his love affair with Laura Burgoyne—a fine and finely-drawn character—forms the first portion of the book. Then, with the scene changed to the tropical African settlement, the interest becomes intense, and with the attack in overwhelming numbers by the infuriated army of natives a climax is reached equal to anything of the kind that we have read in the pages of a novel. The secondary love-story of Laura's brother Armyn with a girl from a Knightsbridge shop, who proves, in emergency, to be a real heroine, adds greatly to the fascination of one of the best stories we have seen for a long time. Mr. Battersby is to be congratulated on his management of a fairly difficult plot, and on the infusion of a neat humour with a story that otherwise might have been too strenuous in its action to pass the test of the critical reader.

New Editions

THE latest additions to Mr. John Long's popular series of copyright novels at 6d. net are "Hypocrites and Sinners," by Violet Tweedale, "The Silent House," by Fergus Hume, "By Right of Purchase," by Harold Bindloss, and "The Other Sara," by Curtis Yorke. The volumes have been previously issued in more expensive form, but considering the standing of the authors as writers of fiction they cannot fail to

secure a far larger circle of readers at the present reduced price. They are pocket size, each novel consisting of some 300 pages, printed in clear type, with a frontispiece; and the volumes are now bound in limp cloth instead of paper covers as hitherto, which is a decided improvement. Occupying such little space, these handy books will be found pleasant companions to anyone on a journey, or when weather-bound at holiday time, and judging by Mr. Long's complete list there is good variety to select from.

Two recently issued volumes of Messrs. Blackie and Son's dainty "Red Letter Library," at 2s. 6d. net each, are "Plays and Poems by Oliver Goldsmith," selected by Thomas Seccombe, and "Poems by John Dryden," selected by R. Brimley Johnson. The Goldsmith selection consists of two plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," and Miscellaneous Poems. The Dryden volume contains 422 pages of a very representative selection, and Notes. In addition each work has an Introduction and a Portrait Frontispiece.

Mr. Werner Laurie has now included "The Uncounted Cost," by Mary Gaunt, in his "Cheap Reprints of Popular Books," at 1s. net.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons' "Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo" series, under the general editorship of Mr. Charles Sarolea, of Edinburgh University, is growing apace. There have already been issued seven volumes of novels, five of poetry, one of history, two of dramas, and two of travels. The latest additions that have reached us are a volume of poems: "Dieu" and "La Fin de Satan"; and a volume of dramas: "Le Roi S'Amuse" and "Lucrèce Borgia." Each volume is embellished with a coloured frontispiece, is well printed and tastefully bound in cloth, and costs but one shilling net. The "Collection Nelson" of standard French authors, also one shilling net, now comprises some forty volumes, the last ones received by us being "Eve Victorieuse," by Pierre de Coulevain, and "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX," by Prosper Mérimée. The series is similar in get-up to the Victor Hugo one, and it contains also French translations of the works of leading foreign authors.

Music

THE fact that another "Handel Festival" has been organised and carried out with success at the Crystal Palace will serve, no doubt, to confirm the belief fixed in the minds of so many ignorant foreigners (who should be ashamed of "babbling what they do not know"), that Handel's is the only music really loved by the British public. The number of German, French, Italian musicians who come here is very considerable; they cannot but know that the walls of London concert-rooms, at any rate, resound chiefly to the strains of modern music. But when they return to their own countries, they do nothing, apparently, to spread the

news that England's ear opens readily to hear music which is neither Handel's nor Beethoven's. The prevailing opinion abroad is still that the innate conservatism of England prevents her from surrendering her heart to any other than that old god, Handel. Fifty, nay, forty, years ago such an opinion was not altogether groundless. It was true, then, that the average music-lover did not question the supremacy of Handel. The composer of "The Messiah" was regarded as holding the position of a musical Shakespeare, with Mendelssohn ranking as a Tennyson. Wagner is the man who changed all that, more than anyone else. When the more cultivated amateurs began to be enthusiastic about "Ring" Festivals, and the inhabitants of country halls and parsonages took tickets at their local Triennial Festival for the Wagner Selection day rather than for "Judas Maccabaeus," the tide had turned. We can remember when the monster music-meeting at the Crystal Palace agitated the breast of all musical England; when, for months before it was due, its delights were the subject of common conversation. This year it happens that we have not heard it mentioned by a single person, and it is also the case that we have not known a single person who has attended the last three or four Handel Festivals (for we have not the honour of acquaintance with Mr. Arthur Balfour) unless he was obliged to go "in the way of business."

Reports from the country show that what London thinks to-day in matters musical the provincial towns think to-morrow. Handel's oratorios are no longer demanded from the local choral societies. Even the "Messiah" in the Cathedral does not bring together the immense crowd that Bach's "Passion" draws to St. Paul's. We are of those who love our old Handel, and do not pretend not to regret that England is unfaithful to him, for unfaithful she is, the Crystal Palace Festival notwithstanding. He is an old friend from whom in days gone by we received many kindnesses. We can no more forget him, or what we owe to him, than we can forget the friends who "tipped" us at school, or the books which once we sat up all night to read. We do not now want to have those dear old gentlemen (they were not, perhaps, as old as we thought them) or those exciting novels for constant companions, to the exclusion of younger and more sympathetic fellowship, but we would always welcome them heartily when Fortune chose to bring about a re-union. Society is so large, whether in books, human beings, or music, that it is impossible with most people to "keep up with everybody," as we say. But because we do not see all our friends every day, or even every year, we need not forget them or be ungrateful to them, or insist that they are dull, and the newer acquaintances much nicer!

The generation now growing up is probably as ignorant of Handel as the past generation, in its youth, was ignorant of Bach. We comfort ourselves, therefore, with the hope that some day they will re-discover Handel, and hand him on to their successors, as we in our day found Bach and spread his fame. And we have no intention of blaming our nephews and nieces

who were brought up to lisp Wagner from their cradles because they cannot see the splendour of Handel. The people we are inclined to be impatient with are those who in their early days were brought up on Handel and delighted in him, who now declare him to be dull and tiresome. They need not go to hear him unless they like, and they would do better to be silent and spare their sneers about a great man. Fortunately there are still some faithful ones left. Mr. H. H. Statham, taking Handel as his text, wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century* not long ago, and boldly maintained that oratorio was a higher form of art than opera. He thinks that "the drawback to all serious opera, professing to represent the tragedy and pathos of human life, is that feeling of unreality which is inseparable from it, arising partly from the incongruity in the representation of men and women expressing their feelings in a medium so far removed from the realities of human life; partly from the puerile suggestiveness of stage machinery." Legend, he rightly says, provides the most suitable subjects for opera, and Wagner was wise to recognise this, but "when one hears people talking of this kind of production (the "Ride of the Valkyrie") as if it had a deep moral and poetic significance, one can only regard them as so many grown-up children." When we quit legend, and come to the problem of the musical treatment, by voices and instruments combined, of epic or dramatic narrative of serious significance, "Oratorio comes to the rescue, and furnishes the opportunity for the painting of incident and the expression of character, . . . freed from the prosaic yet incomplete realism of the stage."

It is very well that serious writers should discuss these and similar subtle points as to the respective rank to be accorded to the different forms which musical art may take. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, that neither Mr. Statham nor anyone else who prefers oratorio to opera will ever find he can convince the opponents who prefer opera. For the public these are "academic" questions, and the people who enjoy and who pay will go to that form of entertainment they like best, without inquiring whether it is higher or lower. For ourselves, we venture to doubt if the finest oratorio existing is, as a work of art, finer than the best operas of Mozart, operas which England seems quite happy to do without. At present the vogue of the theatre, and consequently of opera, is greater among us than it has ever been. Unless, then, Fashion comes to the aid of oratorio, that form of art must be content to rank second in popular favour. There was a time when careful people thought opera wicked. We can remember when young ladies were not allowed to witness "Faust"

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SONNETS: By A. Pelham Webb

"The Times" says: "These are the work of an accomplished sonnetteer, with a finely pictorial imagination and a happy, though sometimes too artificial, gift of phrase."

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or "Don Giovanni." Nowadays the youngest of them may see "Scheherazade," so that oratorio has lost one of its props. Who can doubt that if any town in Great Britain were offered the choice between one performance of an opera and one performance of an oratorio, an honest ballot would result overwhelmingly in favour of the opera? We must have incident, we must have excitement; if it is a symphony which we are to hear, we desire that it should be stirring and highly coloured, that it should vividly suggest action, or at least the highly-wrought movements of the mind. This accounts in great measure for the comparative indifference to "chamber music" and to the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. We enjoy Beethoven still, because he is dramatic, but, to tell the truth, we find Strauss the most stimulating of them all! Oratorios are not exciting enough for us.

When Mr. Statham says "that Handel is the great light in oratorio, supreme above all others, no sound criticism can deny," he is probably right. There can be but few who could enter the lists with him on such a point, for the simple reason that there are so few who know anything about Handel's oratorios! Many amateurs, but by no means all, have heard the "Messiah"; some have heard "Israel in Egypt," and in some of the provincial cities it may be that "Judas Maccabæus" and "Samson" are still performed at intervals. Members of the "Handel Society" know a little about the other oratorios perhaps, but not much. Ordinary folk like snippets in music as well as in literature, and are content if they know one air out of a Handel oratorio. To sit through a long oratorio was too great a strain even for that sturdiest of Handelians, Edward Fitzgerald. He loved to play Handel to himself—"My admiration for the old giant grows and grows, his is the music for a great active people." Yet, again, and he is pitying his friend Donne for "undergoing those dreadful oratorios. . . . I never heard one that was not tiresome and in parts ludicrous, even Magnus Handel, even Messiah!" This was towards the end of his career, and it confirms one of his earliest recorded sayings about music. "I am rather liable to be overset by any weariness, and where can any be found that can match the effect of two oratorios"?

We suspect that more of us are secretly of Fitzgerald's opinion than might be supposed from the sight of the interested-looking throngs that filled the transept of the Crystal Palace last week at the Handel Festival, or of those who go to hear oratorios at the great provincial festivals. It is not the sole attraction of the music which brings people together on these occasions. We could not profess to feel any great regret if the Handel Festival of the year proved to be the last of its kind. It provides a few magnificent moments, when one does hear a rush of sound not possible at other performances, but it is neither more beautiful nor more thrilling than the sound which can be heard at Leeds or Birmingham. Handel is not "in fashion" just now, neither is Milton, Pope, nor Byron. But their place in Literature is firmly fixed. So is Handel's in Music.

THE third performance of "The Children of Don" at the London Opera House, on Thursday evening, June 27, conducted by Mr. Holbrooke himself, was, of course, too late to receive comment in our last issue. In noticing it briefly we may say that several slight alterations were made which may be considered as in the nature of improvements. The opera was shortened by about half an hour, and the resultant concentration was all to the good; the rather too heavy gloom of the stage, which made for monotony, was lightened, consequently the inevitable strain to the eyes of watching intently a dimly illuminated scene was minimised. The enunciation of the singers, too, had become more clear than it was on the previous occasions, and, although we see no reason to change our already expressed opinion of the opera as "an arduous intellectual exercise," it was obvious that by certain judicious modifications the pleasure of listening was enhanced. A work on such a scale cannot possibly be heard at its best until several performances have been given, and future settings of "The Children of Don" will gain by the experience of these past weeks. Mr. Josef Holbrooke had his large orchestra well in hand; to conduct the work, even though it is his own, after Herr Nikisch, is an ordeal which he might well have shrunk from, but very few critics could have found fault with his method, and the audience awarded him a hearty reception.

Pilgrims and Pilgrimage

THE other day I was examining the little crosses carved on the stone in Compton Church in Surrey. They say that the pilgrims used to turn aside from the Pilgrims' Way, where it runs along the south edge of the Hog's Back, to worship at some shrine or before some image of peculiar sanctity in the little Norman church; and there they have left for us, not their names, as the twentieth century pilgrim is wont to do, but the signs of their sacred profession, carved on the drums of the pillars, plain for posterity in a less believing age to see.

Scarcely anything in the customs and institutions of the Middle Ages is less intelligible to the modern mind than that sense of duty which led streams of pilgrims to visit far-off shrines at whatever loss or inconvenience to themselves. We understand, more or less, the object of pilgrimages to Lourdes. There is definite advantage to be gained there. But the mediaeval pilgrim expected no less to gain advantage by his visit to Canterbury or Winchester or to the more distant and difficult goals of Rome or Palestine: only the benefit was rather spiritual than bodily. It is true that the distinction is not always plain. There is a bodily flavour about the remission of so many years of purgatory in the next world or of so much penance in this. But the mere attainment of the object was not sufficient. It depended on the manner and the spirit in which the pilgrim conducted his journey. To have ridden in a carriage would have conferred less benefit. To go bare-foot conferred far more. Be-

sides, we may reasonably expect that, as in so many similar cases, the indirect benefits were more than would have been admitted at the time. It is a commonplace of history that the Crusades, though they failed in their ostensible object, were of use to European civilisation by bringing it into closer contact with the ways and manners and merchandise of the East. Similarly, Chaucer's narrative makes it plain that something more than the professed reason of the pilgrimage made it attractive to the members who joined it. It was above all things a social undertaking. Knight met trader and parish priest fraternised with friar, and there was no doubt much rounding of social corners in the course of their association.

Perhaps there was yet more than this. The turning aside from the ordinary paths of worldly occupation, the devotion of days and weeks, and may be even months and years, to the pursuit of a wholly unworldly object, the communing with Nature, the freedom, the respect paid to the devotee—all these things must have been the cause of a peculiar exaltation, a stimulating of the inner spirit, a lowering of the wall which separates earth from heaven. Of course there were superstition and selfishness and hypocrisy mixed up with it all. The highest undertakings are rarely quite pure in motive. But the great significance of the custom, the thing which is so alien to the modern spirit, so unintelligible, so ridiculous to the man of to-day, is the protest against materialism, the denial that the bread-winning aspect of life is the true one, the claim of the unworldly to a conspicuous place in the life of the world; for this was the fundamental meaning of pilgrimages, and the visitation of holy places.

If the custom of pilgrimage was characteristic of the mediæval outlook on life, there is a daily increasing practice among ourselves which distinguishes us no less from the ages of faith, and which may in some measure be the counterpart of the other,—the custom of taking extended holidays. The holiday habit resembles the pilgrimage in this respect that we are not wholly sincere in the motive which we ascribe to it. We worship at the shrine of health and drag in the fetish of physical science to justify our wholesale pleasure-seeking. Sometimes we plead our intellectual advantage where the mediæval pilgrim would have named the spiritual. We go to Venice or Bayreuth for their educational value. "My girls talk to me of self-realisation," said a well-known college teacher, "and when I ask them what they mean by it, they say 'going to Italy.'" Nevertheless the true pilgrim spirit does survive; in some cases it might be said to be purer, in that there is no conscious idea of any self-advancement. I have seen on a bank holiday, when the villages of the Lake District were filled with roysterings holiday-makers, reverent groups of poetry-lovers of all classes gathering silently round Wordsworth's tomb by "Rotha's wave." Perhaps the nearest approach to the real pilgrim-spirit is to be found in the mountaineer. His object is sublime, quixotic, spiritual. Professedly he sets out to conquer virgin peaks in order that he may make new entries in the

roll of Alpine records. But in reality he is in quest of spiritual exaltation. Nothing else could make him face such imminent dangers for the sake of so immaterial a reward.

There is, however, one feature of the pilgrimage which I find it impossible to match with any of its modern survivals. Nowhere do we see the person of the pilgrim held in reverence. He neither claims nor wins any reputation for sanctity. We admire the man who tramps across the Alps rather than join in the scramble of personally conducted tourists, but we do not consider him worshipful. When we are bent on the same quest we avoid our fellow tourists with a shudder, and thank heaven that we are not as other men are. We applaud the enthusiasm which fills the columns of the Stratford register with American names, but secretly resent it a little. We think that the signatories are seeking an undeserved reputation for culture, and asserting an unreal superiority over Shakespeare's own countrymen. The last thing that we should call them would be holy persons engaged on a mission which raises them spiritually above their fellows.

There are people who predict for us a return to the barbarism of the Middle Ages. A religious journal recently expressed a fear that the spirit of law and order, which we boast as the chief product of modern civilisation, shows signs of dissolution, and that the result will be an increased insecurity of human life, recalling the lawless conditions of the Dark Ages. It might be added that we see signs also of a return to their naïve immaterialism and disregard for what we have come to name economic law, with a corresponding raising of spiritual values. The same journal consoled itself with the reflection that such a relapse into barbarism as it apprehended might be accompanied by a revival of that devotion to the one religion which was perhaps the best feature of the Middle Age. May we not conjecture that with it would doubtless return the cult of the Pilgrims' Way, and the zeal that imprinted a sacred symbol where men now commonly leave the memorial of self-assertive vulgarity?

GUY KENDALL.

Foreign Reviews

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU."

IN the June number progress is made with Frau von Bunsen's Neckar tour, with the novel "Stephana Schwertner," and with the delightful letters of Annette von Droste-Hülshoff to Elise Rüdiger. Colonel von Kurnatowski contributes a most informing article on those very paradoxical subjects, the effect of war or mobilisation on national finance, and financial preparation for war. Dr. Hubert Ermisch traces the history of the various branches of the Oldenburg family, in connection partly with the Schleswig-Holstein question; having the control of the archives of the family in his hands, he has the command of much original information. Herr M. von Brandt gives a clear survey of the

history of the Chinese Revolution. Dr. Julius Schiff discusses Goethe's interest in ancient and modern chemistry, and the chemist friends who helped him with his researches.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE."

June 1.—M. Jean de Gourmont contributes a highly interesting paper on the physiological bases of "L'Art et la Morale." He concludes that there is an essential antagonism between the two conceptions; the former is "une échappatoire à la vie," and leads logically to annihilation; the latter "est bien une affirmation de la vie, et il y a vraiment incompatibilité entre l'art libérateur et la morale, qui est une manifestation vitale." Morality favours the race, art the individual. M. Schinz analyses Rousseau's conception of virtue, and finds that it varied greatly with the circumstances of the discussion. M. Maybon gives the data of the Chinese Revolution very clearly.

June 16.—Rousseau continues to be a centre of attraction; M. Bazaillas discusses him as a creative genius, and concludes that his very sensibility, wedded to his marvellous mental activity, resembles a "force de la nature." M. G. le Cardonnel writes of Louis Dumur, one of the originators of the modern *Mercure*, and a representative of its tendencies. M. Marcel Coulon continues the discussion of J.-H. Fabre and Transformism. M. Philippe Champault gives his reasons for being quite certain that the Pharaicans lived at Ischia, and that Odysseus found them there. M. André Fontanas discusses the "Iphigénie" of Moréas.

"LA REVUE."

May 15.—M. Jean Finot, editor of *La Revue*, knew Mr. W. T. Stead better than anyone else, and his article "Le Roi des Journalistes, le Meilleur des Hommes" is one of the best things we have ever read. It is compounded of history, anecdote, sound psychology, and daring intuitions. M. Finot never shuns the risks attaching to an imaginative treatment of his subject. His account of the relations between Cecil Rhodes and Stead recalls the circumstances which produced the "Heroic Symphony"; we are told how Melchior de Vogüé tried to enshrine the two English Imperialists in a novel, and how M. Finot introduced Stead to this essay—"Le Maître de la Mer." Then, when Stead staked on the Anglo-American alliance, M. Finot and *La Revue* countered with the first draft of the "Entente Cordiale," and "nous primes même un malicieux plaisir à parier sur le chiffre de désabonnements que nous vaudrait chaque article de la série." We have no space for the anecdotes, but we may perhaps be allowed to recall Stead's "réponse légendaire" to the Sovereign who had offered him a decoration—"On condition that you accept mine, Sire!" M. Finot was not always very sympathetic for Stead's "Ghosts"—his failure to understand inspired his friend with a "tristesse affectueuse"—but he appears to believe that the murder of the Servian Royal Family was really prognosticated. M. Finot's comparison of Stead with Marcus Aurelius is suggestive.

Among other contributions we will note a disquisition by M. Faguet on "les Humoristes Français," and some health statistics for French colonial wars, compiled by M. Mury. He quotes Admiral Véron as saying, "En Angleterre, pour conserver les hommes, on ne se borne pas à les soigner, on les gâte." From the final article on Flaubert's last years, we will quote this pregnant saying: "Mon roman est fini, il ne rest plus qu'à l'écrire!"

June 1.—M. Finot writes what has proved to be an obituary notice of Frédéric Passy, "Le grand vieillard." M. de Tarlé analyses Lord Haldane's Anglo-German studies. M. Faguet has some excellent badinage on the "Theories of M. Paul Bourget." We cannot help quoting from it the possibly well-known phrase of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, in which the courtesies of debate are extended "jusqu'au raffinement"—"Monsieur, je ne suis pas encore de votre sentiment." M. Aguilera discusses "L'Espagne actuelle," M. J. Mancini the South-American Revolution at the dawn of the nineteenth century, and M. Cim gives a number of amusing literary *gaffes*.

June 8.—"L'Album de Madame Victor Hugo," supplies a number of "inédits." Extracts from the last pages of the diary of "Père Hyacinthe" are given. Dr. Gottschalk discusses "la Question des Viandes." M. Faguet continues to address M. Bourget, in connection, this time, with the monarchical ideals of the famous novelist. M. Nicolas Séguir notices the new historical novel of M. Anatole France, "Les Dieux ont soif."

"LA REVUE BLEUE."

May 18.—More letters of Berlioz and a poem by M. Richepin. M. Jules Harmand writes from first-hand knowledge of colonial protectorates; he dislikes the kind of protectorate that leaves too much liberty to native princes, and he denounces home interference with distant colonies. M. L. Maury writes an appreciation of M. Thureau-Dangin's book on Newman: M. Maury thinks that the great Cardinal would have missed his fame but for an unusually long life—"Vivez donc le plus longtemps possible; la vie a de ces revanches."

May 25.—M. Emile Boutroux contributes a fine essay on "L'Essence de la Religion." M. Gustave le Bon lends a chapter of his forthcoming book on the French Revolution, which promises to be interesting through the morals drawn in it. M. Lanson writes about an academical *entente* with America, M. Paul Louis on the German Socialists, and M. Paul Gaultier on M. Bouglé's life of Proudhon. There are some letters of Rachel, and, under the title "Le Mauvais Roman," M. Jacques Lux gives a very appreciative résumé of a recent article in THE ACADEMY.

June 1.—A melancholy interest attaches to one article in this number, "Ma Carrière," by M. Frédéric Passy, who died only two or three days after its publication. M. le Chatelier complains of the opportunist Moroccan policy of his Government. M. Paul Flat writes of the portrait painter, Gustave Ricard. M. Lucien Maury discusses M. Barrès' book on "Il Greco."

June 8.—Souvenirs of childhood form a great part of this number: M. Paul Hervieu is philosophical and seeks for the origin of his earliest political opinions; M. Flat reinforces M. Barrès' appeal for the preservation of the village churches—"ces monuments de famille"; and a portion of M. Edmond Gosse's autobiography is given. M. Jacoubet recounts a journey in Corea, made by him in 1907, when he saw with deep disfavour the signs of Japanese triumph.

June 15.—This number celebrates the jubilee of the *Revue Bleue* and the *Revue Scientifique*. The most important item is an account of the jubilee banquet, with the chief speeches delivered at it. M. Paul Flat admirably epitomises the position of the *Revue Bleue*, which is, he says, an "organe, non de libre pensée, . . . mais de pensée libre, ce qui est fort différent." M. Maurice Donnay spoke wittily, and MM. Moureu and Lippmann dealt with the scientific side of the venture. M. Guist'hau represented the Government and M. Poincaré.

M. Joussain discusses M. Bergson and music; M. Dumont-Wilden tells the story of de la Merveille and the Ostend Company, while M. Lucien Maury genially banters M. Henry Cochin and his book on Lamartine.

"L'ACTION NATIONALE."

To the June number Mr. E. D. Morel contributes a denunciation of the project for converting the "Entente Cordiale" into a definite alliance. He is afraid of such an alliance proving too chauvinistic, or being directed exclusively against Germany, which country, we learn, was entirely in the right in the troubles of last summer. Mr. Morel by no means spares the susceptibilities of his French readers, denouncing the conduct of their Government and Press with regard to the Congo, and using exceedingly plain language about M. Tardieu. General Lebas criticises the organisation of the garrison artillery.

"LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE."

May 25.—M. Picavet notices the seventeenth volume, by M. J. Hanoteau, of the "Recueil des Instructions données aux Ambassadeurs et Ministres de France." The volume deals with the relations of France with the Papacy from 1688 to the end of the Regency.

June 1.—"My" and M. Biovès are the principal contributors, and each dispatches a large number of books. The former deals with Herr Ernst Schmidt's work on the migrations of classical divinities, and with Herr Mueller's essay on the gods in Greek tragedy. Among the English books noticed by M. Biovès are Sir Sidney Lee's "Principles of Biography," Mr. Bernard Shaw's reply to Dr. Nordau's "Degeneration," and the work of Messrs. Rowntree and Lasker on unemployment.

June 8.—There is so much Comparative Religion in this number that recourse is had to a division of labour, M. Loisy is severe for Mr. Boxall's translated book on Religion and Science, but finds much good in M. Vacandard's third series of "Etudes," while M. Alfaric does justice to two works with whose principles he is not in agreement: M. Tixeront's "Histoire des Dogmes dans l'Antiquité Chrétienne," and Professor Hunziger's

"Das Wunder." M. Pichon praises the first volume of M. G. Michaut's "Histoire de la Comédie Romaine." M. Driault's "Austerlitz et la Fin du Saint-Empire" is commended, though it is accused of somewhat inadequate documentation.

June 15.—M. Chuquet reviews several works on military history. M. Loisy strikes a curiously personal note in discussing the anonymous publication of some disillusioned French Catholics, "Ce qu'on a fait de l'Eglise," and he pays homage to the new edition of Herr Kittel's "Geschichte des Volkes Israel." M. Courby notices at considerable length and with considerable appreciation the third volume, entitled "Les Rythmes artistiques," of M. Deonna's "L'Archéologie, sa Valeur, ses Méthodes." The theory of the "éternels recommencements de l'art" is admitted, even pressed, but there is some criticism of detail.

Some Indian Reviews

A GLANCE at the five May numbers of the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) will give the reader a general idea of Indian journalistic opinion on current topics. The editor is independent and consistent, blaming alike the Madras Provincial Conference and the officials. He denies the existence of any considerable public opinion against the exclusion of religious instruction from schools and colleges, and he opposes sectarian Universities as resulting from the estrangement between Hindus and Mahomedans; also, he protests against party struggles and personal animosities in public life, a vain protest, as he will find. In each issue there is a paper on English Life through Indian Eyes, always by the same contributor, who presumably corresponds from England. In England these papers would have little effect, but among Indians, who know no better, they may be regarded as containing gospel truth. The editor's criticisms on the new Government Department of Commerce and Industry are worthless, and characteristic of Indian methods. The Government are charged with neglecting, say, Trade and Commerce. They appoint an officer to take charge of a bureau, as in other countries. He becomes merely another target for the critic's arrows. A demand is promptly made for his extinction. This periodical relies largely on extracts from English magazines and reviews, and we notice with pleasure its reprints of articles from THE ACADEMY.

The (Calcutta) *Collegian* for May shows the educational progress made in the Native State of Mysore. The over-production of literary inefficients will cause future trouble. The institution of a school of tropical medicine at Calcutta deserves support, as also the proposed Young Chiefs' College for Bengal, and the improvement and extension of the Veterinary College at Lahore. Such outlets for educated youths are much more beneficial than an institution at Benares for Vedic studies. A proposal has been made for a Central Institute in England, to include both Indian youths

under education, and selected English youths preparing for an Indian career. Enormous difficulties will be encountered before such a proposal can materialise. The subscriptions to the projected Mahomedan University are still 20 lakhs (*i.e.*, £133,000) short of the promised amount. "Some Facts About Malaria" should be useful, if properly studied.

The *Rajput Herald* for April-May, a monthly illustrated magazine, devoted to Rajput History, Antiquities, Literature and Art, is well got up: though it is published in London, apparently all the contributors are Indians. The editor writes on "The Ancient Relationship between Persia and India," on the assumption that ancient Persia and ancient India were one in thought and sentiment. The object appears to be to establish a better feeling between Hindus and Parsis. "How to Save the British Empire" is used as a text for advocating the claims of Indians to equal treatment with Englishmen, even up to the Prime Ministership or a Governor-Generalship. When Indians become possessed of other essential qualifications (which they now lack) besides intellectual ability, it will be time to consider the matter. "The Regeneration of India" opens up large questions which are discussed from the social, industrial, and political standpoints; more action, and less writing and talking would be an improvement. The glorification of the country and its inhabitants is the theme of a long paper: their backwardness is the result of their characteristics, and cannot be remedied by a stroke of the pen.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* (for 1910-11) has a ponderous treatise on "National or Racial Psychology as a subject for anthropological research, illustrated by a comparison of English and Indo-Aryan traits," which might well have been compressed or summarised. The "Spirit Basis of Belief and Custom" is shorter, but equally full of serious matter. "Anthropological Scraps" are lighter, and sometimes really laughable. The list of papers read in 1910 shows the genuine interest of certain members in the aims of the Society.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday Runciman took the floor with the Agricultural vote, and the large majority of the Members listened with Queen Alexandra's roses in their buttonholes. Some men came down in the hopes of a further scene with Lansbury, but nothing happened; he seems to have spent his force for the time, and the Prime Minister was loudly cheered from both sides of the House. Everyone felt that he had not been fairly treated. The general impression was that Runciman did very well. He certainly seemed more genial and at ease than when he was at the Board of Education.

Another clever Minister did his turn on Thursday. Lulu Harcourt is a man well worth watching. Some

people allege that it was "young Harcourt" who was responsible for the undoing of Lord Rosebery. He was his father's secretary then, and by all the rules of the game Sir William Harcourt ought to have succeeded the Grand Old Man—but did not, simply because that imperious personage left Lord Rosebery as his political heir. All this is ancient history. After long years of political training behind the scenes Lulu quietly slipped on to the stage and at once showed his capacity. He was an excellent man at the Office of Works. He persuaded wealthy men to go down to posterity as donors of frescoes for the walls of Parliament and invented a great improvement without mechanical means in saving the time wasted in taking divisions. His ingenuity again came to the fore. In an excellent speech of two hours he gave a bird's-eye view of the whole of the Crown Colonies, not only mentioning the places where things were wrong, but dwelling more particularly on places where things were right and were prospering. Like Lloyd George, he seemed to have turned Imperialist, and we listened with pleasure to his admirable survey.

There are four people in the running for the reversion of the Premiership—Lloyd George, Winston, Harcourt, and Seely; and quite a number of men think that when they get round Tottenham Corner and are "in the straight" that the quiet, suave Harcourt will come out of the crowd and win by a neck. We shall see.

Gilbert Parker, who takes a deep interest in the Imperial Trade Commission, attacked the Government for not allowing us to discuss it after promising to do so, and blamed them for appointing Lord Inchcape as the chairman because it was well known he was opposed to any idea of preference; but the vote was not seriously opposed.

Various groups have been hungering for McKenna's blood, so Asquith thought he would break the force of the attack a little by artfully giving them Friday, "the earliest possible day." Now Friday is only a half-day, and the Labour men were suspicious that was all they were going to get, but Asquith reassured them—they should have another day as well for the Home Office vote.

The rank-and-file of the House are getting a little tired of the Suffragettes. They lost a good many good friends when they smashed harmless tradesmen's windows in the West End; people could not see the sense of it. Then again they all swarmed like bees in St. Stephen's Hall the other day, and sent in shoals of cards for various members who are supporters. When the members came out they were reproached by wild-eyed women for not doing more: Why had only 38 stood up for the adjournment when 40 would have carried it and yet over 100 voted for it in the Lobby when they knew it would not be carried? The women said it was cowardly perfidy!

The Labour men had not a look in about the strike—the Woman Suffrage debate occupied the whole five hours.

Lord Robert fiercely attacked McKenna and weak-

ened a strong case in the opinion of some by referring to his "past." The mistakes of the Archer-Shee case and the Swansea Church Schools were rubbed in relentlessly. John Fletcher, the mild but devoted member for Hampstead, who is an old and experienced member of the local Bench, thought McKenna ought not to have any salary at all—because he was so constantly interfering with the sentences of judges. Sir John Rolleston, amid shouts of laughter, pictured the Ulster resisters, Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson, being forcibly fed in an Irish prison.

The House is very fair with all its faults, and executes a kind of rough and ready justice; after punishing McKenna for a fortnight they listened to his defence and agreed that he had made out a good case on the whole. He hinted that he could not tell all he knew.

There was a large Society function connected with the Unionist Party going on this afternoon. Lord Londesborough gave a garden party to the much-criticised Percival Hughes, the late Chief Agent, who had taken the helm at the nadir of the party's fortunes and steered the ship until a fair haven was in sight. The Radical Whips got hold of the idea this was going to be used as a blind; they knew the Labour men would probably vote against them, and although the voting could not be on the usual party lines, yet on the whole it looked as if it were a favourable opportunity for a "snap." So at four o'clock the Radical benches were crammed to repletion (as one member at the bar said, "they were sitting as close together as fowls roosting"), looking somewhat ill-tempered at losing their week-end trains. But it was evidently another false alarm, because only 69 voted in favour of the reduction of the Home Secretary's salary, whilst an appreciable number of Unionists voted with the Government. It was intended as a hint to the Suffragettes to abandon their recent methods.

On Monday the Home Rule debate was difficult to follow. There is a clause in the Bill declaring the supremacy of the British Parliament. Now this does not appear in any of the Constitutions of the great Dominions, and the Unionists said it was meaningless and only put in for the consumption of timid Liberals: it was a fraud and a sham. Walter Long made a capital speech and the Prime Minister had to admit that the phrase was a platitude, but he felt sure that the Irish would govern themselves well without any interference. This was not the question, but the sub-section was retained after a division. Then came the other side of the question. If it was desirable to state that the British Parliament was supreme, it was surely equally necessary to declare that the Irish Parliament was subordinate. This the whole forces of the Coalition resented. We got Redmond on his feet at last: It was a "deliberate insult to the Irish Parliament." Then, said Bonar Law, "why did you say that the aim of the Home Rule Bill was to tear up and trample under foot the infamous Act of Union?"

I may be misjudging him, but John Redmond looked as if he would deny the words if he could; but the

little red washing-book with its deadly chapter and verse was to be seen bulging behind Bonar Law's breast pocket. "I stick by my words," he went on, after a pause, "but I want to put in place of the old Act a readjusted Act of Union accepted by the Irish in perfect good faith which will bring a real unity between the two nations. Besides, England can always assert her supremacy." "How?" queried half-a-dozen back benchers; but John Redmond was too wary: "I cannot go into that now." The closure was applied, and again the Government figures dropped to the figure 69.

In the evening O'Grady, the Labour man, pleaded for a meeting of the disputants of the Dock Strike. The employers had issued a carefully drawn statement claiming that there was nothing to discuss; the men had brought the quarrel on themselves—they had struck because of one man, and they were now seeing that they had been misled by their leaders and were crowding back to work. The employers had been vilified on Tower Hill, and they were not inclined to do anything. Mr. Asquith found himself in a tight place; he had publicly declared that it was not the duty of the Government to interfere in these matters.

Bonar Law moved an amendment approving the words of the Prime Minister, "that the constitutional and usual attitude of the Government should be one of complete detachment." It was gall and wormwood to the Prime Minister to be praised by the Opposition, and, as he knew, very dangerous.

"How are you going to vote?" said Bonar Law bluntly across the table; and then came the astounding announcement that the Prime Minister did not intend to vote at all. He had not the courage of his convictions. He intended to run away, and did so, followed by some of his principal lieutenants, whilst the rest of the Cabinet placated the Labour men as much as possible by voting with them.

"How much shall we drop on Seely's majority?" asked the Liberals in the smoking room after dinner. A thousand at least, said one; we could not expect to retain a 4,000 majority in these times. It was therefore somewhat of a blow when 11.30 struck and it was found that the majority at Ilkeston had gone down by 2,800 votes. The Unionists cheered and ironically inquired of the Chancellor if this was on account of the new "Back to the Land" campaign he had started on Saturday night at Woodford.

The Government have met with another misfortune. It is common knowledge that the Agricultural Department in Ireland under T. W. Russell is badly manned—too many "Dowbs," some people say. However, the terrible scourge of foot-and-mouth disease has broken out in England, the contagion spreading from Ireland, where it was (some allege) deliberately concealed, or at least not discovered for a fortnight. Members are saying if this happens under the Union won't the dangers be much greater under Home Rule.

The Home Rule debate continued during the whole of Tuesday. After 11 Eddy Turnour, Earl Winterton, drew attention to a savage attack by a body of the

Ancient Order of Hibernians on a party of Sunday School children near Belfast. Their only crime seemed to be that they were carrying a Union Jack. Birrell was not able to dispute the facts, and while some of the Government men tried to laugh it off, he looked serious—as well he might.

To crown all, the Labour men are not satisfied with the recent behaviour of the Government, and swear they will run a man at Crewe if the Liberal candidate is not withdrawn at Hanley—and take all their men away to aid in the battle. I will deal with this next week.

The Theatre

The Irish Players

IF the Irish Players have a failing more than another it is that the work they do is too much dependent on comedy. One would like to see it rather more imbued with a spirit of adventure, and strike out on to a higher reach of work. Even the work they have in their repertory that is of this kind is all too frequently neglected. There are Mr. Yeats's plays, which, though they are not so much dramatic as dream-products, are yet of the kind of work we mean. Then there is Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows," which is altogether neglected. This is, to be true, in past work. There is room for newer work of this nature.

Yet the humour that they do is seldom broad. It makes for laughter truly enough; but it seldom asks for the stout guffaw. There is only one of their writers who appeals to just this kind of mirth; and that is Mr. William Boyle. Last year, we remember, his "Mineral Workers" was of this kind, and the humour was not alone broad but well procured and well sustained. This year the play that was produced of his was not so successful in scheme or in sustainment. The choice of a title is one of the most difficult problems that an author has to face. And when Mr. Boyle elected to call his play "Family Failing" he struck on a title that gave the solution a peculiar humour all of its own, but he also enabled one to divine with fair ease what that solution was to be all along the course of the play. Which was in itself one of the causes of the play's peculiar failure; for it imposed a task on him that he did not quite seem to realise, and which he therefore did not accomplish.

The household of the Donnellys is composed of two brothers and a sister: Dominic, who spends his days sitting with a pillow in an armchair reading his paper; Joe, who can only arouse himself to energy when it is a question of following the hounds; and Maria, who is the drudge to these two, and whose lack of energy shows itself in a reluctance to do anything more resolute than busying herself in that perpetual groove, and who finds excuses for herself in protecting and excusing her brothers. Moreover, it appears that she once had some

money left her; but that has now been consumed in running the household in its fackless kind of way; and they are all now reduced to such a pass that the latest intimation is that the tradesmen will no longer give them any credit. There is a tradition in the family that a certain ancestor of theirs used up all their energy, and that, since then, they have one and all earned for the name of Donnelly the epithet of "do nothing." All their lands are gone, being practically in the hands of one Tom Carragher, who has married a cousin of theirs. In a month or so there is no doubt that he will close down on the land; when they will have nothing between them and the workhouse.

It is to this household that Robert Donnelly comes. He is an uncle from America and is reported to be of great wealth. When he arrives he tells them how he set his will to overcome the family failing, and how, thus, the very failing was turned to advantage inasmuch as it gave him a strong will and determination. At once the desire is to persuade him of their worthiness. He has commented on the fine appearance of the farm, saying that Dominic must have worked hard to have established so excellent a condition of things. Even Tom Carragher, whose work it all is, of course, is persuaded to join in the conspiracy; and he does so in a grim humour, never thinking that either Dominic or Joe will ever rise to any display of energy.

Robert Donnelly, however, starts Dominic digging out the foundations of a new house, and, since he would not do this unless he were obviously going to pay for its erection, Dominic is forced to the work by Mrs. Carragher in spite of Maria's anxiety that the work will be the death of him. Joe, even, gives up sport, and joins in the work; and Mrs. Carragher keeps them all at it. She it is who is responsible for it all; and she even at last manages to persuade Maria into the belief that her brothers are, in Biblical phrase, "sons of Belial."

All this is the proper business of one act. But Mr. Boyle mars the humour of it considerably by drawing it out into two acts. The result is that the play hangs considerably—which is a very fatal thing for humour to do. But in the third act a change comes. For Dominic, quite unaccountably, becomes enthusiastic in his work. He talks of nothing, and thinks of nothing, but plans for the recovery of the farm, and its cultivation on the lines of intensive culture. All this he outlines to his uncle Robert, who listens to him from the folding bed that he bears about with him on his travels, and says nothing. Tom Carragher begins to get really alarmed, for he had been counting on the farm as his in a month or so. He upbraids his wife for the mischief she has brought on her own husband and children, and in the end he and Dominic fall out. But, when he has gone, Dominic continues to talk about projects for the cultivation of the farm, and plans innumerable campaigns, counting, of course, on his uncle's money, since that uncle has now decided to continue to stay with them indefinitely. Then the long-foreseen transpires. For it appears that the uncle has also the family fail-

ing; that he has lied to them of his energy; and that he is as poor as they, and determined to be a parasite on them. At this Dominic bids him rise from his bed. One half expects a scene. Instead of which, they solemnly shake hands; and Dominic tells his sister that now she has three of them on her hands.

As we have said, humour that is long drawn out is disastrous; and there is more than the hint of this in the play. But there are deeper faults of draughtsmanship. For example, that there should be so great a change in Dominic in the last act as contrasted with the first two may be forgiven, in spite of the fact that it is so very emphatic; but the change in Robert Donnelly is a different matter. The one, however unlikely, has a motive; but the other is too obviously part of the structure of the play. A man who has spent two acts hustling about the farm is not very likely to spend the third act sitting half asleep on his bed. But likely or not, it is unpermissible without some kind of a motive in the character of the man. Instead of which the only motive is in the machinery of the play. Nor was this only to do with the acting; for the words demanded it, although Mr. O'Donovan would probably have been wiser had he himself smoothed one end of the part into the other. There is a humour that arises from a situation, and we call it farce. There is also a humour that arises from character, and that we call comedy. But when a dramatist sets out to write the one, and then makes it dependent on the machinery of the other, one cannot but feel uneasy in watching it.

Nevertheless, there was big, round laughter in the play, and it is perhaps too much to ask of it that all the parts should cohere together. It was certainly not the artistic success of "The Mineral Workers," where the humour was very happily contrived out of character. Mr. Sinclair as Dominic had a part for which he was obviously fitted; and he was inimitable in the scene where Dominic is aroused and full of plans. Mr. Morgan as Joe had a quieter and smaller part; and though he said little, it was wonderful how much he made of the part in his sincere, unostentatious way. Miss Eileen O'Doherty as Maria was admirable; as, too, was Mr. Kerrigan as Tom Carragher. One noticed a newcomer in Violet McCarthy, who played Mrs. Carragher. She was obviously nervous, and consequently underacted and underspoke her part several times; yet, with her musical speech and natural manner, she should be a considerable acquisition to the company.

On the Monday previous, "Birthright" was re-presented. Of this we propose to speak more fully next week, as in our opinion it is one of the most noteworthy things that the Irish Players have done for some time. Suffice it now only to say that the four actors who took the only parts of consequence, Miss O'Doherty, Messrs. Morgan, Kerrigan and O'Donovan, deserve the highest praise for strong, unrestrained and poignant acting. Miss O'Doherty and Mr. Morgan, particularly, gave the play moments that we must consider some of the highest we have experienced in the theatre.

Notes and News

Mr. Arthur F. Bird has nearly ready Mr. Charles Klein's novel, "Find the Woman," on which the successful play produced by Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick Theatre is founded.

The "Nobodies" Club is now established at 109, Regent Street, and the Secretary will be pleased to explain the aims and objects of the Club to anyone wishing to join, between the hours of ten and six daily.

We are informed by Messrs. George Philip and Son, Ltd., that her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of their recent publication, "The Sea Road to the East," six lectures prepared for the Visual Instruction Committee of the Colonial Office, by A. J. Sargent, M.A.

On Thursday, July 18, "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will celebrate its first birthday at the Haymarket Theatre. Produced last July in what is supposed to be the worst time of the year from the theatre point of view, "Bunty" immediately took the town by storm, and has proved one of the most successful comedies of modern times.

The Summer Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon will begin this year on August 3, and last for four weeks, the date being specially arranged for the convenience of visitors from abroad and for those in England who take their holiday during the summer months. An effort is made to combine the pleasures of a country holiday with a course of useful study, and special terms are offered to teachers and students.

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish two new novels; one, from the pen of Mrs. Henry Tippett, entitled, "The Waster," gives a study of the sentimental; the other, "The Ordeal of Silence," is by that popular author who hides his identity under the sobriquet "A Peer." The same firm has in hand a new work entitled, "Pheasants in Covert and Aviary," by Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S., lavishly illustrated with numerous half-tone pictures from photographs in addition to four fine coloured plates specially drawn for the work by H. Grönvold. The price of the book is 10s. 6d. net.

In accordance with the decision of the second international congress of archaeology, held at Cairo in the spring of 1909, the third congress will take place at Rome from October 9 to 16, 1912, under the presidency of Commendatore Corrado Ricci, Director-General of Antiquities and Fine Arts. The tenth international congress for the history of art will be held from October 16 to 21 (in accordance with the decision of the ninth congress held at Munich in 1909) under the presidency of Professor Adolphe Venturi. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary-General, Dr. Roberto Papini, Via Fabio Massimo 60, Rome.

In connection with the University of Cambridge, the Local Lectures Summer Meeting of 1912 will begin on Saturday, July 27, and end on Tuesday, August 20. It will as usual be divided into two parts: Part I will extend from Saturday, July 27, to Thursday, August 8, inclusive; Part II from Thursday, August 8, to Tuesday, August 20, inclusive. For the first time the new Univer-

sity Examination Halls and Lecture Rooms will be used. These are centrally situated and provide ample and convenient accommodation for Lecture and Reception Rooms under one roof. The Inaugural Address will be given at noon on Saturday, July 27, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Selborne, K.G., Hon. LL.D.

In his inaugural Presidential Address to the English Goethe Society on June 25, Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, took as his theme "Goethe and the French Revolution," and proved how the agitations and influences of the great Revolution were clearly reflected in Goethe's writings, and how in all these we never lose sight of the revolutionary movement and the significance of the revolutionary age. Among those present were Professor Breul, one of the Vice-presidents of the Society, Dr. L. T. Thorne, Professor Gollancz, Baron von Schleinitz, Dr. Holland Rose, Mr. R. G. Alford, Mr. Hermann Meyer and the veteran Secretary, Dr. Eugene Oswald, who made a short speech in support of the vote of thanks. Among the interesting exhibits lent for the evening by Mrs. Ludwig Mond were many relics of Lotte Buff, recently acquired by her from Lotte's sole surviving grand-niece.

The friends of the late Miss Rosa Morison (Lady Superintendent of Women Students at University College, London, 1883-1912) desire to raise a Memorial as a tribute of the affection and respect in which they held her, and as a means of commemorating her work. To give effect to this desire, some of those associated with Miss Morison, together with some of her personal friends, have formed a Committee: President, the Right Hon. Lord Reay, K.T., G.C.S.I., LL.D.; Chairman, T. Gregory Foster, B.A., Ph.D. (Provost of University College); Hon. Treasurer, Lady Lockyer. It will greatly aid the work of the Honorary Secretaries if those who wish to take part in this Memorial will communicate with them forthwith. Communications should be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries, Rosa Morison Memorial Committee, University College, London (Gower Street, W.C.).

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM IN JAPAN.—II.

JAPANESE students who, at the time of the inception of Western reforms, went abroad to France and the United States, were influenced in no small measure by Republican teachings. Many of these are now prominent leaders of public opinion, and while they have discreetly modified their views in accordance with the exacting requirements of Japanese patriotism, or else have refrained from giving expression to them, it must not be imagined that they have wholly discarded the principles of their early teachings. But to suggest that they are Socialists, in any sense of the term, would be ludicrous. For example, Marquis Saionji may hold views that are favourable to the aims of democracy, but he is first and foremost a courtier. Invariably, however, the Japanese are incapable of viewing things in true perspective. During the war everybody who had a single good word to say for the Russians was looked upon as an enemy of the country. Likewise everybody

who wishes to see representative government established in reality, and not in name, as at present, is accused of showing Socialistic tendencies. The real danger to the State lies not in the enlightened agitation of scholarly politicians, but in the possibility of the extreme Socialists taking advantage of the widespread dissatisfaction with economic conditions to foment strife against the constituted authority of the land. Although the lawless elements are at present limited both in numbers and in influence, the policy of the Government in sacrificing social reform to the raising of armaments is surely preparing a way for a struggle which may have disastrous and far-reaching consequences.

The extreme Socialists first excited public attention at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. To ventilate their views they established two journals, one of which was issued daily. Both these ventures failed because of the lack of financial support. Dissension split the party into small groups, each of which subsequently confined its activities to organised disturbances of the peace. From time to time numerous arrests were made, and terms of major imprisonment ranging from thirty months downwards, as well as heavy fines, were imposed.

One well-known Japanese publicist has declared that under the pretence of preserving industrial peace the Government suppresses all parties aiming at the reform of society, and that it hinders labour movements at every step instead of providing for the protection and elevation of the working classes. "In these respects," added the same writer, "our Government is certainly fifty years behind the Russian Government." Perhaps the most authoritative utterance upon the subject was that delivered by Mr. Yukio Ozaki, M.P., the Mayor of Tokyo, who declared that "Socialism was the gravest internal problem that confronted the country, and would prove the greatest menace to Japan's fundamental principles of government." The alleged discovery of a plot against the life of the Emperor, and the trial, under the shadow of secrecy, of twenty-six conspirators, followed by the infliction of the death penalty in some cases and of life sentences in others, came as a shock to the guardians of Japan's destiny. Who among them, a few years ago, could have believed it possible that the life of their Emperor would be placed in peril by reason of any action on the part of his subjects? It had ever been their proud boast that of all the nations of the earth Japan was the favoured inasmuch as in the implicit recognition that the throne of the Mikados was sacred and inviolable lay rooted the loyalty and devotion of the masses.

As I have already implied, the time is not altogether inopportune for the sowing of the seeds of Socialism. It is urgent that the Government should take measures to ameliorate the conditions of the labouring communities. Otherwise the doctrines of Socialism will find ready acceptance, and the violent remedies advocated by agitators will arouse those fanatical instincts which latter-day civilisation, far from eradicating, has only kept in check. And it must not be forgotten that in

much higher circles there are a number of prominent men imbued with the principles of democracy, and in some instances of what might be termed scientific Socialism. Japan is now represented at all international Socialist conferences in Europe. Singularly enough, owing to the need for replenishing the Treasury, the Government, in creating monopolies, has been compelled to go a long way in the direction of State Socialism. Already the question is being asked: Will it go still farther, and thus anticipate a dangerous movement? Apart from economic conditions, other important factors are preparing the way for the assertion of Japanese democracy. The demand for a Government that shall be responsible to the people is shaping itself. Nor are the army and navy so contented as some admirers of Japan would have us believe. A Japanese newspaper, the *Sigi*, has declared that fears are entertained that Socialism will spread to the military forces, and that the best measure of precaution is to take steps to prevent the ill-treatment of soldiers and blue-jackets by superiors. The future of Japan certainly presents many problems of extreme gravity. To-day, industrial advancement is being made at the expense of the individual welfare of the people. Herein lies the opportunity of Socialists. If statesmen are wise, they will be content with a less ambitious programme of expansion than that which they are now pursuing. They will, in short, frustrate the aims of Socialism by adopting the practice of Social Reform.

Motoring and Aviation

LIKE the other motoring associations, the A.A. and M.U. has had its share of unpleasant criticism from motorists who prefer cheap petrol to scouts, and who can see no reason why their representative bodies should not at once enter into successful competition with the monopolist corporations which control the petrol supply; but its popularity shows no signs of diminution, and almost every month shows a record in additions to membership. The main reason for this is the incessant activity of the A.A. Committee in devising fresh schemes for its members' benefit. The latest of these—and one of the most important—is the inauguration of a complete roadside telephone service along every main road in the country. Patrol sentry boxes are to be erected at intervals of several miles, and in each box will be installed a telephone in communication with the nearest exchange. At each box a patrol will be on point duty, and his services will be available for the purpose of receiving or transmitting messages for members, entirely free of cost. Only in the case of trunk calls will any charge whatever be made, and then only the ordinary trunk fees, a schedule of which will be exhibited in each sentry box.

This extension of the A.A. and M.U. road organisation is obviously an innovation of the greatest practical utility. It will not only be of special value in case of accident or breakdown, but it will also enable members

to keep in constant touch with their private and business affairs, to communicate with their destination, and to order meals or accommodation at hotels while en route. In fact, it will render them "get-at-able" from any point on the main roads, and be of service to them in many other ways too numerous to mention. The work of organisation is being pushed forward with characteristic A.A. rapidity, and it is hoped that the system will be installed on most of the main roads round the various centres in the course of the next two months. The Secretary and Committee of the Association are to be congratulated on having evolved an excellent and thoroughly useful scheme; but one cannot help wondering how long they will remain in undisturbed possession of it. Doubtless the R.A.C. will soon realise its possibilities, and begin to consider the ways and means of adding it, or some imitation of it, to the other schemes they have from time to time annexed from the younger and more enterprising organisation.

The official certificate relating to the recent long-distance road trial—London, Land's End, John o' Groats, London—of the 59.9 h.p. six-cylinder Napier has just been issued by the R.A.C., under whose supervision it was conducted throughout. The document states that the total distance covered was 1928.75 miles, and that with one exception the whole of it was done on top speed. The exception was Berriedale Hill (from John o' Groats), when the driver, on his first attempt, found it necessary to change speed for three seconds. The car returned to the foot of the hill and climbed it successfully "on top." The car was oiled and greased before the start each day, and apart from this no work of any kind was done to it. The average speed was 19.74 miles per hour, and the petrol consumption averaged 23.918 miles to the gallon. In the subsequent speed test at Brooklands the car covered the flying half-mile at the rate of 77.104 miles per hour. No comment is required on such figures as these, beyond the remark that they stamp the performance as the finest top-speed run ever accomplished by any car in the history of motoring.

Wire wheels are so frequently referred to as "steel

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wheels," and in France as "roues métalliques," that misconception may arise as to the cause of the fatality which occurred in the recent Grand Prix race, and wire wheels be unjustly discredited in consequence. The fact is that the accident in question was due to the disintegration of the wheel itself near the hub, and the resulting liberation of the hollow spokes, the rim, and the tyre. The wheel was not in any sense a wire or a suspension wheel, but was a built-up steel wheel made after the ordinary wooden pattern.

If the weather be propitious—and at the time of writing this appears a very necessary saving clause—this afternoon's flying meeting at Hendon should prove the most interesting of a very interesting season. It will be held under the auspices of the Women's Aerial League, and will be unique in respect of the prominent part to be taken in the competitions by lady aviators, of whom there are many more than most people imagine. The proceedings commence at 3.30 p.m., with a cross-country passenger-carrying handicap, over a distance, out and back, of about 16 miles, for men pilots who must each carry a lady passenger. At 4.15 p.m. there will be a "quick-starting" competition, open to all types of aeroplanes, but confined to lady pilots only. Exhibition and passenger flights by lady aviators commence at 5 p.m., and at 5.45 p.m. there will be a "grand speed handicap" in which lady pilots will be allowed to participate at the discretion of the stewards. From 6 p.m. onwards exhibition and passenger flights will be given by Mr. Grahame-White and the competitors. The Women's Aerial League, which has taken a keen interest in the development of aviation in this country from its inception, is presenting five very handsome trophies and some substantial money prizes to the successful competitors of both sexes.

R. B. H.

MIDSUMMER MEETING AT HENDON.

Hendon without Mr. Claude Grahame-White is like "Hamlet" without the Prince. The vision of that artist of the air executing figures-of-eight with an ease and security that fascinate the most cold-blooded landsman is undoubtedly one of the greatest of the many attractions of the aerodrome at Hendon. On Saturday, June 29, the occasion of the Midsummer Meeting, Mr. Grahame-White, as all the world knows, was engaged upon another, and we hope a less risky, venture. Two races took place, and Mr. B. C. Hucks, of whom rumour said that he had forsaken Hendon for a new appointment, brought off a fine double event. In the sixteen-mile cross-country handicap Hucks, on his 70-h.p. Blériot monoplane, was scratch, but overtook the limit man in the aerodrome and won by 30 seconds. For the six-mile handicap Hucks was again scratch and won by 1 4-5 seconds. There were only three starters in each race. The frequent paucity of the competitors is perhaps the greatest disadvantage of these aviation meetings.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

AS usual when an account has ended, business brisks up, but I doubt whether it will last. It is difficult to get people to speculate during the summer months. True, we once had a boom in August, but that was many years ago. Yet the Stock Exchange has never forgotten it, and it is continually prophesying another August boom. Yet I do not observe that the prophets stop in London and wait for the boom they say is so certain to come. I do not see any chance of a revival in business before the autumn.

The directors of the Synthetic Products Company have decided only to spend £5,000 on what must be an experiment, while the calling of the shareholders together shows that the whole thing is visionary.

The Tulsa Oil Company is another concern to be avoided. The working expenses are under-estimated, no allowance is made for depreciation, and in any case there is such a keen demand for good oil properties in the United States that had the land been good there would have been no necessity to offer it to the London public. No oil man would be attracted by the prospectus.

The British India S.S. Company 4½ per cent. debentures are a good shipping security, in view of the past dividend record of the company.

Aerators Limited is now a well-managed concern, but its offer of shares did not appear to me particularly cheap.

Whiteaway, Laidlaw and Company, a well-known Eastern house, is extending its business, and offers 50,000 ordinary shares of £1 each at a premium of 5s. Ten per cent. was paid for 1912, and the three previous dividends were at the rate of 8 per cent. No doubt the company will get its money, although it seems to me that the price is high.

A big Russian company is coming out in a few weeks, with some important names upon it. It is to develop the oil resources of the Russian Empire. Some of the most important bankers in Russia are on the board. This company is supposed to be responsible for the rise in Urals.

The Sissert, another Russian company from the same stable as the Kyshtim, is to be offered. The Tanalyk, which was privately subscribed and cleverly marketed, is at a big premium.

MONEY.—There appear to have been a few unimportant failures in Berlin, but no serious trouble is anticipated. The banks there are making great efforts to cut down speculation, and it is believed that they will succeed. Here there is plenty of money, and in Paris, although there is a speculative account in Russian Industrials and Tintos, there is no lack of money.

FOREIGNERS.—Italians have been sold short, and the "bears" are being squeezed. There is no further news with regard to the Chinese Loan. The bankers profess to consider the matter at an end. They laugh at the idea of China refusing to accept the money. As Chinese stocks are strong, perhaps the bankers are right. The public appear to be buying both the new Danish and Moscow issues, which it will be remembered were left in the hands of the underwriters. They are both cheap and sound. The Tinto market was weak on speculators closing down, but the actual strength of the Copper Market was not affected by the shake-out. It was just a temporary reaction.

HOME RAILS.—There is a feeling that the fall in Home Railways has been overdone. All of them can be bought to pay 5 per cent.; all are gilt edged. It is true that at least half per cent. will be cut from most of the dividend distributions, but the Stock Exchange has more than discounted the reduction. Chathams and South Easterns would appear to come out better than most of the lines. Great Northern have not done as badly as one would have expected. The greatest sufferer from the strike is Great Central. Midland and North Eastern are also serious losers. Great Western and London and North Western are cheap.

YANKEES.—There is some talk of a revival in the American Railway Market. Probably a Democratic President will be elected. Woodrow Wilson would be a good choice, and he is an honest man. The Taft party are despondent. A purchase of Unions, New York Central, or Pennsylvania, not as a gamble but as an investment, will probably show a profit before the end of the year. Notwithstanding the horrifying stories of secret supplies of copper, the big houses in New York appear to be confident that they can maintain the quotation. Messrs. Mertons, who lead the Syndicate in London, are also quite confident. Perhaps we may get a reaction, but unless there is any violent speculation, prices will steadily rise.

RUBBER.—Prices on the Rubber Market have been weak and even to-day some of the best shares are at an attractive quotation. Federated Selangor, Cicely, and Batu Caves look reasonably priced. The Prye report was very disappointing, and once again the MacLaren group attempted to place large sums to capital account, but on this occasion the auditors called attention to the proportions relegated to capital and revenue.

OIL.—Oil shares are looked upon in the Stock Exchange as the most likely gambles for the coming autumn. Shells have such a huge fighting fund that Standard will probably make peace. There is not much chance of Urals getting to serious work before the end of the year. But I hear well of the property. If there were not a big "bull" account it would be safe to buy the shares. They will be a good investment at from 40 to 50 shillings. The Spies shareholders should take up the offer of new shares, for the future of this company looks good. British Maikop is now turning out 5,000 poods a day, and will soon have another well on oil. When it has half a dozen wells going it will be within sight of a dividend.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—There are stories going about that the Goldfields report will be bad, very bad. I am not surprised. They say that the dividend will be cut 2s.

BROKEN HILLS.—The big rise in lead has caused people to buy Broken Hill shares, and in addition to this I hear that insiders are buying with a view to amalgamating the various properties, and so save working expenses. Prices appear high, but those behind the scenes talk them much higher.

TIN.—Despite the efforts of the Tin crowd, the public declines to buy. It has lost its money, and lost it quicker than it has ever done before. It will be a long time before it forgets. No doubt some of the alluvial propositions that have been moderately capitalised will pay dividends. Pahangs have had a little rise, and I am told that the Willink section is turning out well.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Waring debentures jumped as I anticipated they would, and it is now officially announced that a scheme is on foot to purchase the assets and carry on the business. Marconis have been put up in view of the meeting. It is expected that a new issue of shares will be made. The company wants money badly. I still think Indo China ordinary shares worth buying.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

PHILIP MASSINGER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Of a genius such as Massinger, so remarkably unknown in all that concerns his personal history, the least trifles should perhaps be gathered up, since it is impossible to say which trifle may provide useful clues to further discovery. The chief outstanding feature of Massinger's history is perhaps his impecuniosity, and this is usually presented as beginning in 1606 as a result of the death of his father (Morley). One does not know, indeed, who his father was, but it seems not improbable, subject to correction, that he was Arthur Massinger, Esquire, of the parish of S. Dunstan in the West, London, where he dated his will, which was proved in 1604; P.C.C. (5, *Harte*.) If that be so, then his father's death did not, in fact, precipitate the termination of Philip's university career, a point which may or may not have its bearing upon his supposed Roman obedience. If, however, Arthur Massinger's position be considered, it seems unlikely that Philip's poverty was due purely to misfortune, but rather that his relatives would not assist one of the old faith, a pervert who could at least make his offensive views attractive, to a degree, indeed, not as yet comprehensible. This Arthur Massinger had married, before 1582, Anne, first daughter of William Crompton, a rich mercer of Stafford and London, who by his will, proved July 5th, 1582 (P.C.C., 31, *Tirwhite*), directed his burial to be in the Chancel of S. Mary's, Stafford, beside his father. The mercer's eldest son, Thomas, was already an M.A. of Oxford, and his second son, Anthony, was at the same university; his eldest daughter, Anne aforesaid, had already borne to Arthur Massinger a daughter Elizabeth. The mercer's third son, William, was in 1582 already apprenticed to a London mercer, and he appears to be the same William Crompton who, with a son-in-law, was, about 1600 or so, paying some £3,000 for the Stone Priory lands, being himself already perhaps in possession of Stone Abbey, Staffs. He seems to have been Sheriff of Staffs. in 1597, and to have died about the same time as Arthur Massinger, his will also being registered in the same year, 1604. (P.C.C., 53, *Harte*.)

William, the mercer, had still two more younger sons and two younger daughters; others of the family were highly prosperous; it seems incredible that among all these, if they were in truth his near relatives, Philip Massinger could not have found even the lowly crust and generally bitter fare of dependence, if he had chosen to accept it, unless he had committed himself to some enormity. Such a cause might provide an explanation; his alleged reversion to the lately rejected faith may have been an enormity not to be overlooked by these flourishing tradespeople, marrying into the ranks of the ancient gentry, and perhaps unduly careful not to offend the current conventions; they may have dropped as quite impossible this Philip the penman, whether he were a heaven-inspired poet or a gutter dramatist, or a lord chancellor's understrapper. I am, yours, etc.,

Tunbridge Wells.

HAMILTON HALL.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Following the happy precedent set by previous Chairmen of the London County Council, I venture to appeal to your readers for contributions to the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

Last year, as the result of a similar appeal, the Fund was able to send 45,170 poor and invalid children to enjoy the refreshing and health-giving atmosphere of the country. Strenuous efforts are being made to send 50,000 children away this year, but, to enable the Fund to do this, £25,000 is urgently needed to carry out the season's programme.

As Chairman of London's Education Authority, I have a special interest in asking for contributions to the Fund, as most of the children are taken from our schools during the summer vacation. Many of these children have never had an opportunity of breathing the fresh air of the country; at most they can only remember a pleasant day spent in some park or open space, with the usual "Keep off the grass" notice worrying them at every turn. For the sum of 10s. some poor little child's fortnight in the country can be assured, free to roam without the constant dread of being run over in our busy London streets, and able to enjoy, without stint, the charm of the country.

All contributions, large and small, should be sent to the Earl of Arran, Treasurer of the Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. Faithfully yours,

CHEYLESMORE,
Chairman of the Council.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I cannot tell you how much I admire the sound arguments expressed by Mr. Immo S. Allen in your last issue and in his former letter that appeared on the subject on May 25. Would to God the general public in England would realise that she plays a dangerous game! She forgets it is not a question of the number of ships she can put against the German fleet, which latter is likely to surprise the world as much as the German Army did in 1870. Apart from this, I think it is a poor policy on our part to link ourselves to a decaying nation like France and a corrupt nation like Russia. Why not let Germany have a little elbow room—we cannot prevent it—and give up the dog-in-the-manger policy? This is what is most resented in Germany. I am as convinced as I am of my own existence that neither we nor Germany want war, but notwithstanding we are drifting fast towards it. Peace can be maintained for good, and millions upon millions can be saved, if a friendly understanding with Germany is arrived at instead of this insane rivalry to outdo each other in building huge fleets. No one in his senses will deny, it is a condition *sine qua non* that England should be and remain the Mistress of the Sea, and Germany will not dispute it if she is not hampered in her just desire to have a place in the sun. Yours very truly,

W.M. H.

THE GERMAN PERIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I observe from your last week's correspondence column that a shipping gentleman from Hamburg has apparently successfully been pulling the leg of your West Hartlepool correspondent. We are all familiar with the button the pressing of which will release 6,000,000 German soldiers, but what can the directors of the Hamburg-Amerika and N.D.L. Companies be thinking about in these booming times of shipping to have tonnage capable of transporting 250,000 men lying idle in German ports on the off-chance of an invasion of this country?

The Germans, like ourselves, are essentially a business people, and without casting any reflection upon their patriotism, I cannot imagine that the shareholders of these companies would stand that sort of thing.

A perusal of the interesting articles appearing in the *Nord und Sud* would show your correspondent that the leading minds of the Fatherland do not run in the same groove as his shipping friend from Hamburg. They are quite alive to the fact that the pressing of the six-million button would spell ruin for Germany, whatever might be the result to England; and on that account alone I venture to predict that the button will never be pressed. The statesmen of both countries may be trusted, like sentimental Tommy, to find "a way oot" of the present tension for which gentlemen of the class quoted by your correspondent are in no small measure responsible. Mean-

time, both sides can keep their powder dry, and refrain from circulating mythical stories of "the day," while extending a warm welcome to Germany's distinguished Ambassador. Yours, etc.,

July 2, 1912.

R. J. TURNER.

THE BIOSCOPE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The last "Matinée" of the Bioscope Education Cinematograph Demonstrations at Cinema House, 225, Oxford Street, was a most successful one. The attendance was good, and the preliminary lecture short and to the point. As these demonstrations appealed chiefly to children, it is a pity that there should have been so few of them present.

The first film was, "Roaming through India." The glimpse portrayed by the cinematographer was vivid. The insufficiency of the ordinary text-book lesson of geography, compared with this living method, is glaring. If, however, a competent teacher of geography had been present to give a verbal complement of the lesson, it would have been a life-long bequest to the children in attendance.

The Pathé films, "Birds in their Nests," "The Sedge Warbler and the Cuckoo," and "The Birth of a Dragonfly" were highly appreciated.

Mr. Cherry Kearton's "Marvels of Nature" was not only valuable as a remarkable chapter of animate natural history, but also as a vivid topographical study. An involuntary shudder of terror seemed to seize upon everyone at the sight of that living tiger walking to and fro within a few yards of the hidden photographer.

All the other films were quite as good as those that I have mentioned, and they went far to prove once more how the cinematograph allows us to pry into the secret ways of Nature, a thing which no human, unaided, ever could do.

In conclusion, I sincerely hope that the time is not far distant when, between two sets of education cinematograph demonstrations, a few practical hints may be given by some lecturer in connection with the language of every-day life in England, in order that all those errors that have been allowed to come down to us from generation to generation, for centuries, may gradually receive their death-blow. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

A WELL-WISHER.

"FORCE A PLAY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In the Prologue to Act II of Shakespeare's "Henry V" occur the following two lines, admittedly defective:—

"Linger your patience on, and well digest
The abuse of distance . . . force a play."

For some reason or other the Globe edition and the Oxford edition think fit to put in a "we," the former in the first line (by changing "well" into "we'll") and the latter by inserting "while we" in the lacuna in the second line. There seems to me no necessity for either emendation. The piling up of three imperatives (linger, digest, force) may be paralleled from the first Prologue:—

"Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance."

Both prologues are an earnest appeal to the audience to exert their "imaginary forces."

But what does "force a play" mean? Frankly, I do not believe it means anything, in spite of commentators' efforts to explain it away. What I would suggest is that the imperative might still be preserved, and intelligible sense secured, by changing "force a play" into "force apply," i.e., the force of imagination referred to in the first Prologue. The lacuna still remains to be filled. If the Oxford edition put in "while we," I venture to claim

the privilege of putting in "well your," so that the passage runs:—

"Linger your patience on, and well digest
The abuse of distance; well your force apply."

Incidentally my emendation would go to prove that Shakespeare's Londoner was a true Cockney, capable of regarding "play" and "ply" as identical sounds. Yours faithfully,

O. H. T. DUDLEY.

Poona,

June 14.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Taxation of Land Values as It Affects Landowners and Others. By John Orr, M.A. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

The Lower Depths. A Play in Four Acts by Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Original Russian by Laurence Irving. With Portrait Frontispiece. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

From Theatre to Music Hall. By W. R. Titterton. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Life's Great Adventure. By Francis Stopford. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

A Blind Alley. By E. W. Savi. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)

Shall This Be? A Tract for the Times. (Polsue, Ltd. 1d.)

Maurice Harte. A Play in Two Acts by T. C. Murray. (Maunsell and Co. 1s. net.)

Root and Branch: A Seasonal of the Arts. Edited by James Guthrie. (The Pear Tree Press, Flansham, Bognor, Sussex.)

The Likeness of the Night. A Modern Play in Four Acts by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Cricket (Batsmanship). By C. B. Fry. Illustrated. (Eveleigh Nash. 2s. net.)

The Depths of the Ocean: A General Account of the Modern Science of Oceanography based largely on the Scientific Researches of the Norwegian Steamer "Michael Sars" in the North Atlantic. By Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., and Dr. Johan Hjort. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 28s. net.)

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. Vol. IX. *Sleep-Sniggle.* By W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D. (Henry Frowde. Double Section, 5s.)

Municipal Art Galleries and Art Museums: Their Scope and Value. By Bernard Douglas Taylor. (J. E. Cornish, Manchester. 6d. net.)

Medical Education in Europe: A Report to the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. By Abraham Flexner. With an Introduction by Henry S. Pritchett. (Carnegie Foundation, N.Y. City.)

Archives d'Etudes Orientales. Edited by J. A. Lundell. Vol. I.—*Etudes phonologiques sur le Dialecte arabe vulgaire de Beyrouth.* By Emanuel Mattsson. Vol. II.—*Etudes sur le Culte d'Ihtar.* By Nils Nilsson. Vol. III.—*Sur la Formation du Génitif pluriel en Serbe.* By Anton Karlgren. Vol. IV.—*Les Débuts de la Cartographie du Japon.* By E. U. Dahlgren. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 5 fr. 25 c.; 1 fr. 2 fr. 75 c.; and 2 fr. 75 c. respectively.)

Mary Broome. A Comedy in Four Acts by Allan Monkhouse. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.)

Notes on the Text of the Corpus Tibullianum. By Monroe E. Deutsch. (University Press, Berkeley, California, U.S.A. 50 cents.)

A Dictionary of the Biloxi and Ofo Languages. By James O. Dorsey and J. R. Swanton. (Government Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward: Her Work and Influence. With Portrait. (Kegan Paul and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

A History of Divorce. By S. B. Kitchin, B.A., LL.B. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

The American Government. By Frederic J. Haskin. Illustrated. (J. B. Lippincott Company. 4s. 6d. net.)

The White Slave Market. By Mrs. Archibald MacKirdy and W. N. Willis. With a Frontispiece. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

The Early History of the Christian Church, from Its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century. By Monsignor Louis Duchesne. Vol. II. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

"The Bookman" Keats-Shelley Memorial Souvenir. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.)

La Vie et les Œuvres d'Antoine d'Auvergne, Dernier Directeur de l'Opéra Royal (1713-1797). By Baron Du Roure de Paulin. Illustrated. (H. Daragon, Paris. 2 fr.)

Grattan's Parliament Before and After. By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

A Chronicle of Friendships. By Luther Munday. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

Pierre Rosegger, l'Homme et l'Œuvre. By A. Vulliod. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 frs.)

The Manchester Politician, 1750-1912. By Gerald B. Hertz, M.A., B.C.L. With a Preface by Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)

Italy's War for a Desert, Being some Experiences of a War-Correspondent with the Italians in Tripoli. By Francis McCullagh. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Brass Faces. By Charles McEvoy. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Wayfarers. By Lenore van der Veer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.)

Inheritance. By Stuart Martin. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

The Great Postponement. By I. Giberne Sieveking. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

The Works of Thomas Hardy in Prose and Verse: The Wessex Novels—Vol. V, The Life and Death of the Mayor of Casterbridge; Vol. VI, The Woodlanders. With Prefaces and Notes, and a Photogravure Frontispiece and Map of Wessex to each Volume. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net each.)

VERSE.

Poems. By Clifford King. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

Lyric Leaves. By S. Gertrude Ford. (C. W. Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

Omar in Hades. By F. S. Doctor. (D. B. Taraporevala Sons and Co., Bombay. 1s.)

Songs Out of Exile: Being Verses of African Sunshine, Shadow, and Black Man's Twilight. By Cullen Gouldsbury. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Girls' School Year Book (Public Schools), 1912; *Cornhill Magazine;* *Fortnightly Review;* *All the World;* *Conservator, Philadelphia;* *Garden Cities and Town Planning;* *Cambridge University Reporter;* *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale;* *St. Nicholas;* *The Antiquary;* *Bookseller;* *London University Gazette;* *Literary Digest, N.Y.;* *The Collegian, Calcutta;* *Hindustan Review, Allahabad;* *Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes;* *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature;* *Revue Bleue;* *M.A.B.;* *Oxford and Cambridge Review;* *Publishers' Circular;* *Educational Times;* *Nineteenth Century and After;* *Blackwood's Magazine;* *Moslem World.*

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